WORLD SOCCER

20p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

NOVEMBER 1971

TRANSFERS
Has football gone mad?

World SOCCER
LICO Valencia

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

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NOVEMBER WORLD SOCCER 1971
VOL. 12 No. 2

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WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd.

Transfer fees go up and up

TRANSFER fees in England continue to spiral. The inflated prices being paid by clubs has renewed argument as to whether the Football League should place a ceiling on individual deals.

Certainly, the first £250,000 transfer in England cannot be very far off. Chelsea paid in excess of £170,000 to Crystal Palace for Steve Kember (pictured on our front cover) shortly after handing over £100,000 to Bristol City for Chris Garland.

Neither Kember nor Garland are full internationals and even spent their early days at Stamford Bridge out of the first eleven. Judged by the standards of five years ago (when little over £100,000 took Alan Ball from Blackpool to Everton), the outlay on Kember was ridiculous.

However, a fee of over £160,000 is accepted with barely a murmur these days. Chelsea, no doubt, feel that they would rather have a player of Kember's ability and potential than a healthy bank balance. Their supporters would probably agree; and Palace, for their part, were able to spend the money received for Kember and Alan Birchenall (who went to Leicester for £100,000) on a number of new players; including John Hughes and Willie Wallace from Celtic for £50,000.

Higher and higher

Transfer fees are obviously going to get higher and higher—unless a limit is set. Some clubs have money to spend but either the players they want are unavailable or do not wish to move.

And, let's face it. A club with a player of real quality to sell is in the driving seat. As long as clubs are prepared to pay fees approaching £200,000, other clubs will ask for that sort of money. And get it.

One cannot help but wonder what sort of fees would be required to purchase the really outstanding players in England today should they ever become available. If Kember is worth £170,000 . . . how much would Manchester City want for Colin Bell? Tottenham could make a 100 per cent profit on the £125,000 they paid for Martin Chivers; and I hesitate to think about the value of George Best.

THE EDITOR

Mediocre England beat the Swiss

IF Switzerland had really had the benefit of a fortnight together in the mountains, as so many British reporters faithfully announced with a ludicrous disregard for the facts, England might now be facing the uneasy prospect of needing to win both their remaining matches to stay in the European Championship.

As it was, the Swiss part-timers—who had their first practice together on the Saturday before the game in Basle—simply ran out of steam. Up to half-time, when England were thankful to be on level terms after Jeandupeux and Kunzli had scored as good a pair of goals as I have seen in international football, they matched their opponents stride for stride. Indeed, had not Kuhn hit the far post with a shot beyond the diving Banks, Switzerland would have entered the tunnel with a narrow lead.

I suppose that England's capacity to absorb punishment, their relentless energy and determination, were bound in the end to produce a victory. But it is not winning 3-2 by an own goal that is the main cause of dissatisfaction: somehow, England continue to succeed largely through the mundane, the mediocre, and the longer they continue to do so, the less inclined will Sir Alf Ramsey be to look for some real spark of genius in English football.

Masqueraded

If there were any successes, then Bobby Moore was one of them; implacable in defence, whatever the crisis—although his undistinguished forward passing merely emphasised the huge void that masqueraded as England's midfield. But above all, it was a triumph for Martin Chivers, so clever for a big man; the Swiss could not find enough defenders to mark him. Chivers is modest, too: "Do you really want to interview ME?" he asked a BBC reporter, after the match.

In Glasgow, meanwhile Scotland once again proved they are the unofficial world champions by beating Portugal 2-1. Eusebio, who has no taste even for fair tackling, departed long before the end; and Scotland held on to win after the Portuguese had hotly disputed their rather unsatisfactory second goal. But at least Tommy Docherty picked a team: a blind man with a pin could have fared better than his predecessor. The question is, will the Scottish FA give Docherty full control, and can he secure the release of the players he needs from England?

Northern Ireland, starting well but badly missing Derek Dougan (who went off with a pulled muscle) in the second half, managed a creditable 1-1 draw with Russia—but still went out of the competition. If George Best had been fit ... but then Ireland have become resigned to soldiering on without him.

Wales fought a creditable campaign against the Finnish goalkeeper, Nasman, whose nine lives and octopus arms stopped virtually everything (including a penalty by Mike England) until he slipped in the mud. But I feel the Welsh FA Secretary has some explaining to do: how could he agree to play Finland on this date, and Czechoslovakia on October 27—when half the Welsh team were likely to be marooned in England for the fourth round of the Football League Cup?

Conducted by
ROGER MACDONALD

Morocco 2, Mexico 2
(in Casablanca)

After their crushing defeat by West Germany, this was a frustrating result for Mexico, who dominated the match for long periods. But for a series of stupendous saves by the Moroccan 'keeper Allal, recalling his performance against the West Germans in the World Cup, Mexico must have been four goals ahead at half-time—the saves he made from d'Estrada, Velarde, Perez and Borja were quite amazing.

East Germany 1, Mexico 1

Mexico could hardly have expected this draw, which was due largely to the mediocrity of the East Germans, for whom Kreishe, their great goal-scorer of last season, had a terrible match.

The Germans simply could not get going in midfield, and after some laborious passing at a snail's pace, Borja beat the bungling Croy to put Mexico ahead after 51 minutes. It took Germany almost the rest of the game to equalise, a goal from Lowe five minutes from the end; small wonder the 20,000 crowd whistled derisively at the end.

Russia 5, India 0
(in Moscow)

Not an official international, although both countries fielded their strongest possible team. This was Russia's warm-up game for their home European Championship tie against Northern Ireland. The five goals were shared between two Dynamo Kiev forwards.

Victor Kolotov scored a hat-trick in the first half, and when he went off with a knee injury, his substitute Kmelnitski scored the other two.

Iraq 2, Lebanon 1
(in Istanbul)

By winning this play-off in the Olympic Qualifying Tournament, Iraq earned the doubtful distinction of meeting North Korea in the next round. Both teams had won 1-0 at home in their previous matches.

Iraq led 2-0 at half-time and relaxed when the Lebanese inside-forward Hammar was sent off for a violent tackle. As a result the Lebanon were allowed to get back in the match: they scored a good goal through Kasim, and were perhaps unlucky not to equalise.

Yugoslavia 4, Mexico 0
(in Sarajevo)

Playing in front of Hajduk's rather indifferent floodlights, Yugoslavia overwhelmed Mexico and could have won by a much larger score. Bukal put them ahead after 20 minutes, Acimov scored a particularly fine second goal after 36, and the Mexicans were relieved not to be further in arrears at half-time.

In the second half Yugoslavia made three changes, bringing on the young Filipovic to torment the Mexican defence; and in the last 20 minutes they scored two more goals. Oblak, moving up with the attack, got the first, and Bukal scored his second goal of the game shortly afterwards.

Finland 0, Rumania 4
in Helsinki)

Any thoughts the Finns had of surprising their opponents after their creditable draw with Denmark the previous month were quickly dispelled. In front of the pitifully small crowd of

England's front-line against Switzerland . . . Geoff Hurst, Martin Chivers and Francis Lee.

2,084 spectators, hardly enough to line the front row of the Olympic Stadium, Rumania toyed with their genuinely amateur opponents.

Jordanescu (after 25 minutes) and Lubescu (37) gave Rumania a 2-0 half-time lead, and after an hour's play they were four ahead, the others coming from Dembrowski and a penalty by Lucescu. Finland's troubles were further increased when their excellent goalkeeper, Nasman, was injured and had to be replaced by Heinonen.

Russia 1, Northern Ireland 0 (in Moscow)

A disappointing match for Ireland, able for once to include George Best. Unfortunately Best was ably marked by Oleg Dolmatov, who belied his inexperience by keeping Best out of the game for long periods.

Russia pressed hard from the start, and Ireland were restricted to the occasional counter-attacks from deep in defence. The only goal came seven minutes before half-time when Shevchenko was fouled in the penalty area and Muntyan sent McFaul the wrong way from the spot.

Switzerland 4, Turkey 0 (in Zurich)

Once again Switzerland scored all their goals in a sudden burst in the first half, perhaps confirming Sir Alf Ramsey's suspicions that Swiss stamina was not all it might be.

At any rate, he left well before the end. Switzerland's margin of victory was not at all flattering, but they were helped by some indifferent goalkeeping in the early stages.

Greece 0, Mexico 1 (in Salonica)

Mexico wanted to cancel this game because of its apparent political implications in recognising the Colonel's régime —but the Greek government threatened to sue them, and the game went ahead.

The Greeks must have wondered if it had been worth the trouble when Mexico took the lead through Borja, a neat header in the 22nd minute. Greece should have won, but Antoniadis, recalling his mediocre match for Panathinaikos in the European Cup Final, missed twice from point-blank range.

Austria 6, Eire 0 (in Linz)

A game which illustrated perfectly the problems of football's poor relations: the Republic of Ireland's manager, Liam Tuohy, decided to leave out any Football League player not released by his club from the previous day's match (the game in Linz was played on a Sunday), and his team included six new caps and only one professional from England, Chelsea's Paddy Mulligan.

Austria also had their problems, for Gustl Starek, a key player in midfield, was completely out of touch. But against such brittle opposition Austria could not fail to score—and they did, almost at will. Parits hit a hat-trick, Jara scored twice, Pirkner once—and Austria also struck the Irish post twice.

Denmark 2, Rumania 1 (in Copenhagen)

Denmark struck quickly in this Olympic qualifying match and Rumania were a little fortunate to recover after being two goals down at half-time.

Their captain, Lucescu, said afterwards that he regarded this as a "routine match" and that "defeat came as a great surprise". But all the match did was to expose the continued hypocrisy of amateurism in East Europe, for Rumania's team differed little from the full strength side fielded in the European Championship.

And like Britain's gallant home win over Bulgaria, the Danes' own-goal lead will scarcely be enough in Bucharest next May.

Hungary 2, Bulgaria 0 (in Budapest)

A crowd of nearly 71,000, the largest in the Nepstadion for years, saw a revival of Hungary's international team in this vital European Championship match.

In the first half the Hungarians looked nervous and disorganised in defence, but a dramatic sequence of fine saves by Geczi inspired them to greater efforts. Bulgaria were forced back on the defensive, and conceded two goals in the space of two minutes early in the second half.

● *Continued on page 50*

ILLOVSZKY INSPIRES HUNGARY

from LESLIE VERNON

France 0, Hungary 2
(in Paris)

IF geographical locations like Moscow (0-3), Marseille (1-4) and Sofia (0-3) are regarded as milestones in the continuing story of the decline of Hungarian football, then Paris must surely be accepted as the first very firm step in the other direction.

I flew to the French capital hoping that the promise of Rio (0-0) and the victory over Bulgaria (2-0) were proof of tangible improvement and not merely rainbows which have occurred time and again in the past. The setting and the occasion were perfeect for a showdown.

An important European Championship match away from home against a highly rated national side, which Hungary had to win in order to qualify for the quarter-finals. When I met the players, manager and usual entourage in the hotel—perhaps significantly named "Printemps" — their positive attitude pleasantly surprised me. They assured me that they were going to play for a win—a draw was not good enough for them.

Young Csaba Vidats told me: "Forget the past, the names might be the same, but this is a different Hungarian national side. Uncle Rudi (Illovszky) has given us back our confidence, and has 'shaken' us into a 'real' team. He is very firm, but understanding. One senses that he has had experience in top-class football fairly recently, unlike our last few managers. He doesn't ram the big names of the past down our throats, but lets us express ourselves by preaching the elementary creed of modern football."

Chemistry

After such testimony, I didn't have to ask Illovszky how he achieved the minor miracle of motivating players, who seemed beyond rescue. The chemistry between manager and footballers is indefinable and inexplicable. On the evidence of the France v. Hungary match, I have no doubt in my mind that Illovszky has the gift of inspiring his players and of selecting the best available eleven for any particular game.

Geczi, in my opinion the best Hungarian goalkeeper for years, has at last established himself in the national team. Full-backs Nosko and Peter Juhasz are capable of overlapping in the Terry Cooper style, and the Pancsics-Vidats centre-back duet is firm, uncompromising, and both players have excellent heading ability.

In midfield, Istvan Juhasz had an excellent game, but I wasn't very happy with Szues. He is essentially a defender and looks rather cumbersome and slow in an attacking role. Both wingers, Fazekas and Zambo, played deep, forming a fluent 4-4-2, with Bene and Dunai moving most of the time, unsettling the home defence.

The main virtues of the team were: a resolute will to win; a flexible formation which showed that the Hungarians at last have learned and have the stamina to defend and attack with eight players; individual brilliance. Weaknesses: not nearly enough running off-the-ball, a tendency to slow the game down with unnecessary inter-passing, and a one-paced game without any unexpected changes of rhythm.

The French made a cardinal error in staging the match in the old Colombes Stadium in Paris. The "citoyens" are not interested in football, and in any case, at the time of the match, they were preoccupied with a Metro strike which crippled transportation.

The team looked tired and uninspired. Bosquier lost Bene more often than I forget my umbrella, the full-backs were impotent in face of the wizardry of "man of the match", Zambo, and the competent Fazekas. Michel and Mezy worked themselves to a standstill without achieving very much, and the Loubet-Revelli-Bereta trio never remotely looked like scoring. Only Lech and the substitute, Gress, deserve praise, but even these two didn't know when to part with the ball.

On an amazingly warm afternoon for early October, the Hungarians settled down quickly—once they realised that Lech's industrious runs wouldn't come to anything. The first goal was a gem and had "made in Ujpest" written on it. Nosko took the ball down on the right and sent perfect centre to Antal Dunai. The tall striker realised in a flash that a shot would be blocked, but he pretended to attempt it anyway. As the ball reached him, Dunai threw himself back and hooked the ball over his head to the unmarked Bene, who scored from 10 yards (35 minutes).

Seven minutes later, Sandor Zambo picked up a loose ball in the centre circle, beat Djorkaeff twice (!) and Bosquier, and released a tremendous shot from an acute angle. Someone must have deflected it past Carnus, and the after-match inquest pointed an accusing finger at Novi.

In the second half, Zambo once again beat the entire French defence, but after he pushed the ball past the advancing Carnus, the goalkeeper brought him down. The referee, Pintedo of Spain, decided that there was no infringement, and to the amazement of all present, waved play on.

At the other end, Revelli took advantage of a mis-timed Pancsics jump and broke clear, but I. Juhasz caught him with a mighty rugby tackle just outside the box. Pintedo flashed a yellow card at the offending Hungarian — a light enough punishment for unfairly stopping an almost certain goal.

There was another strange refereeing decision worth recording. Just before the final whistle, goalkeeper Geczi and Vidats inter-passed the ball to each other—obviously wasting time, but keeping the ball in play. Pintedo blew his whistle and gave an indirect free-kick from outside the penalty area.

Instructions

When I questioned him after the match, he told me that according to the latest UEFA instructions, an indirect free-kick can be given against a goalkeeper for time-wasting, even if the action involves an outfield player.

After the game there was great rejoicing in the Magyar dressing-room, and your WORLD SOCCER correspondent got a good soaking, which was later nullified by the caviare and champagne reception given by the French FA (London clubs, please note!).

Honved will represent Hungary in the reshaped Mitropa Cup. Six teams have been drawn into two groups of three, where they will play a round-robin on the home and away basis. The two group winners will contest the Final.

Group A: Honved; Celik; Sparta Prague.

Group B: Vienna; Fiorentina; Partizan Belgrade.

from **PHILIP EVANS**

Sweden—no match for Italy

Italy 3, Sweden 0
(in Milan)

THE scoreline was exactly the difference between the two sides. The Italians are never easy to beat in Italy, and once it was known that several of the Swedish players would not be able to play—for various reasons Kindvall, Magnusson, Persson and Olsson were absent—the result was a foregone conclusion.

What mattered, therefore, was not the result but the manner of victory. And here Italy did well enough, with some genuine inventiveness in midfield from Rivera and some sharp finishing from Riva and Boninsegna in attack.

From the point of view of the contest, matters were spoilt once Riva had scored the first goal in the third minute. This from a cross by Mazzola after the latter had dribbled sinuously down the right flank and placed the ball perfectly in front of goal.

From that moment the Italians played, with one exception, as though their minds were firmly set on the club championship to come.

The exception was Benetti, who made his début for Italy only a fortnight previous in the friendly against Mexico and played well enough to command another chance in the team. His play against Sweden was full of determination. He tackled hard, ran hard, distributed astutely and can score goals.

Over the past three seasons his play has grown in confidence and he seems to be on the verge of becoming a player of very special quality given the dilettante nature of Italian club football. His worst enemy remains a certain lack of self-discipline that converts enthusiasm into other hard play. But the fact remains that the Italians desperately need someone who can consistently win the ball for them in midfield.

Triumphant

The second of Riva's goals came seven minutes from the end; Boninsegna's four minutes from the interval. The former looks as though he is within a stride or two of regaining earlier, triumphant form. Against Sweden he was desperately hard to shake off the ball and his sharp eye for even the smallest openings seems to have returned.

Boninsegna had a strange game, leaping high for the crossed ball and making a general nuisance of himself close to goal.

There was, however, a certain frailty about the Italian defence, with Rosato often caught out of position in the centre, with Burgnich and Facchetti both making mistakes that would have been punished severely by top class opposition. Only some timely interventions on the part of Cera prevented the scoreline from having an unbalanced look.

This was very much a game dominated by the Italians, who could and should have scored at least twice more but, given the early goal, given the near certainty of qualification for the quarter-finals of the European Championship, one could not expect a vast amount of effort. They remain, however, a desperately hard side to beat.

Italy—back row, left to right: Zoff, Spinosi, Corso, Facchetti, Riva. Front row: Bertini, Boninsegna, De Sisti, Cera, Mazzola, Burgnich.

Plenty about a

RON SAUNDERS ruefully agrees with the suggestion that the soccer followers in and around Norwich probably rate as the most critical in the country. Saunders, manager of Second Division pacemakers Norwich City, can afford to smile about it, because the success at Carrow Road these days is a reward for his patient preparation and the gradual process by which his youthful team has matured.

If you can't really believe that Norwich might be heading for the First Division, just snatch a look at the League tables. Those chirpy Canaries, whose catalogue of past glory revolves largely around their famous FA Cup exploits, are singing a song of sustained success. Can they keep up the challenge?

"Everybody is asking whether it will last," says Saunders. "There is no reason why it shouldn't, because we deserve to be up there. We all work for each other and there is no doubt that there is terrific potential here. It's quite pleasant," he concedes, "to be getting some good results and pulling the people through the gates."

Reputation

Despite the fact that Norwich is virtually out on a limb in East Anglia, that there isn't another Football League club within an hour of Carrow Road, the locals have been notoriously hard to entice. And they have a reputation for being a somewhat suspicious lot. Still, 25,000 turned out on a cold, wet, windy night to see City topple fellow promotion hopefuls Burnley and First Division rivals Ipswich, some 60 miles down the A12, wouldn't mind a few gates like that.

Saunders dismisses any suggestion of drawing a parallel between Norwich and Ipswich, who have usually struggled to keep their heads above water in the First Division in recent seasons. "It doesn't matter where you are situated," he says. "If the team is doing the job, people will come. The difficult part is when the lads are doing the job you ask of them, but spectators don't realise or have much sympathy with what one is trying to do."

In the last two years, for example, Norwich have not been the most attractive team in the world. They have been branded as unadventurous, spoilers, hard men, and so on.

The local public, taking up the call, have clamoured for open, attractive football. But Saunders refused to be diverted from his principles.

"As a manager," he remarks, "you like to have the supporters going along with you. But you cannot carry on by departing from the system you know to be best. You just have to work hard to convince the players that this is what is best for them and the team. This is what we have done."

Basically, Ron's philosophy is simple. The same method and principles he introduced upon his arrival are still the guiding order:

Resources

"We defend when the other team has got the ball, and we attack when we've got it."

The inexperience and lack of depth in the resources meant that at the outset there was greater emphasis upon defence than the crowd-pleasing stuff for which the supporters begged. Saunders rationalises thus: "If we had tried to play the breezy, open football they wanted we could have been relegated."

Instead, Norwich have made the best of what they had, and have dipped smartly and shrewdly into the transfer market. In two years Ron Saunders has purchased four players for a total outlay of little over £100,000.

Graham Paddon was still in his teens when he came from Coventry City. Next came Peter Silvester from Reading. He was 21. Doug Livermore, 22, arrived from Liverpool. And the latest recruit is David Cross, a strapping, 6 ft. 2 in. 20-year-old striker from Rochdale who cost a club record fee of £40,000.

Judgement

"At the time," the manager conceded, "some of them were a bit of a gamble. But that's the game. If we had waited much longer for these boys to prove themselves where they were everybody would have got to know about it and a player we got for, say, £20,000, might have been up in the £80,000 class."

All of these youngsters have fitted into the pattern of things and thus the judgement has been sound. Norwich are a club not oozing surplus wealth, but the board and supporters club have come across with the cash

Norwich goalkeeper Kevin Keelan leaps above Geoff Butler to clear the ball from Bristol City's Gerry Gow.

to chirp
t Norwich

On the Bosses

Number 3 **Conducted by MARTIN ROGERS**

RON SAUNDERS Norwich City

at the right time ... and there is a hint of a bit more spending.

"Ideally, I think we need a couple more to bring our squad up to the required strength," says Saunders. It is difficult to be positive — because even if you're winning everything, you can tell yourself that you want another half a dozen players. But a couple should do us. And I hope that we might be able to get them in the fairly near future."

Norwich have a scouting system which compares favourably enough with most other Second Division clubs, but the manager always likes to make personal checks. He finds the biggest drawback the travelling involved. He averages a couple of matches a week, and remarks: "It's very good for getting bags under the eyes. There are only two or three League clubs who are anything less than a 100-mile round trip."

Youth policy

Saunders also believes firmly in the value of a sound youth policy, and his Football Combination side is composed almost exclusively of kids, with the exception of experienced Alan Black. And he has given the lie to the theory that East Anglia doesn't breed much top-class talent. "The boys are there," he insists, "but you have to catch them early."

Saunders was a bit of a managerial early bird. He decided long ago that he wanted to get into the administrative side of the game. He had a sound grounding of Football League experience with Gillingham, Portsmouth, and then Charlton, for whom he was a firm, forceful centre-forward. The first chance of a manager's job came at Yeovil, such a profitable training ground for would-be Football League bosses.

"It was a good apprenticeship," he recalls. "I learned a lot in those 17 months. The basis of good management is mutual respect and Yeovil taught me a lot. There were a few useful players there, and it was important to me as a proving ground, to make judgements about players and opposing teams."

It was not long before the job he was doing at Yeovil caught the attention of the League clubs. Oxford United were looking for a younger man to take the weight from the shoulders of Arthur Turner and offered Saunders the job. He accepted with enthusiasm — but stayed only briefly. He felt that the scope there was somewhat limited. The potential of the place was being held back by the limitations imposed by a small ground.

Transformation

Norwich appeared, and has proved to be a different proposition altogether ... a fine, self-contained city, an impressive ground, and an area hungry for success after years of being ordinary. It has not been an instant transformation and the period of building up has not been without its traumas.

But for the moment at least, Norwich City are up there and people in the game are known to be investing a copper or two on their promotion chances. Certainly Norwich would appear to be in a position to step up and to make an impact in future years, rather than being one of the bunch who claw their way into the *élite* only to fall back immediately.

Pressures

"Naturally, we're all delighted with the way things are going. And we will be working harder than ever to maintain this position. Don't talk to me about the pressures of being at the top. I'll settle for those any day."

His optimism reflects the growing self-confidence of the team. Players have matured, have begun to express themselves more freely and with greater flair while still observing the basic principles of the Saunders policy.

Norwich City manager Ron Saunders.

He has had to work for his success, and doesn't believe in giving things away. But he is pleased that the increasing stature of the side has enabled them to achieve greater recognition from the public and from people who are professionally involved. "There is always pressure if you're a manager. But there are a lot of teams below us who would like the sort of pressures we've got," he grins.

Dynamo Kiev out of the doldrums

DYNAMO KIEV spent last season in the doldrums but have returned with a bang this year. Leaders right from the start in the USSR, they were beaten only once in the first half of the campaign and ran up a goals tally of 21 to 6 for a two-point lead at the half-way mark.

At that time only the Armenian club, Ararat Jerevan, and Moscow Dynamo were consistent enough to match them. Goals were very hard to come by, however, with almost everyone dominated by defensive methods — indicated by the goals figures of the challengers: Ararat (20 against 9) and Moscow Dynamo's 14 for and 7 against.

At the start of the second half Ararat did Kiev a big favour by beating Dynamo Moscow 1-0 in Moscow. This was Dynamo's first home defeat of the season through a goal scored by unknown Ichtoyan. Meanwhile Dynamo Kiev were winning 3-0 at home to Dynamo Minsk and following this with a fine run of successes 2-1 against Dynamo Moscow and 1-1 away to the much improved Sarja Vorochilovgrad Dynamo Kiev stretched their lead to an impressive ten points.

Spare

With four games to spare the Kiev club cannot now be caught. Ararat still occupy second place ten clear points behind the Kiev club followed by the Dynamo clubs of Moscow and Tbilissi (with Gavril Katchalin in charge). The Moscow club's record gives them only three points more than an average of one point per game, figures matched exactly by Tbilissi and Sarja.

The Tbilissi club can hardly be described as defence-conscious, having conceded no fewer than 43 goals in 25 matches but all the other leading clubs have given away less than one goal per game, with Kiev the most successful at half a goal per game.

Goal-scoring has inevitably suffered and not surprisingly there are no regular scorers. Ararat's Markarov is the best thing in scorers with a total of only 11 goals to his credit and only three in the last eight games. Malofeev (Dynamo Minsk) has ten but, like Markarov, has only two in the nine most recent matches. Even Dynamo Kiev lack a regular marksman with right-winger Puzatch, the top scorer on eight.

National coach Valentin Nikolaev has felt forced to experiment in his search for a successful blend, fielding no fewer than 23 different players in four matches. Olympics boss Alexander Ponomarev is also under pressure with the Russians failing to qualify since they won the 1956 Tournament in Melbourne.

Kostedde missed

AS expected, Belgium champions Standard Liege have missed the goalscoring ability of their German striker Erwin Kostedde—transferred during the summer to Offenbach Kickers. Svensson and Johansson, his replacements from Sweden, took time to settle in the faster pace and first time out Racing White beat them 2-1.

Making matters worse, international stopper Leon Jeck was out of action having a knee operation and Leon Semmeling, the Standard captain and right-winger, was suspended for one month after being sent off for retaliating in the home match with CS Bruges. In spite of all the problems, however, manager Rene Hauss came through this testing period and after the first defeat four straight wins took the club into second place.

FC Bruges' reinforced squad dropped their first point in Liege, being somewhat fortunate to escape with a 1-1 draw after RFC Liege had missed a penalty taken by their Yugoslav forward Stiskovic. A week later Standard gave their fans something to talk about in the big Liege derby for everyone expected RFC to give their neighbours a tough time. Standard, however, skated home with a 4-0 win.

RSC Anderlecht are still struggling to find their feet under their new German coach, Georg Kessler. Beaten 2-0 away to CS Bruges, they were held to a 1-1 draw by neighbours Racing White and have the extra indignity of seeing two of their rejects doing well for other clubs. Pirre Hanon, who spent the greater part of his career with Anderlecht, was the star of CS Bruges promotion campaign last season and played a key role ... as libero in the victory over his old club.

Helped

Former Anderlecht international 'keeper, Jean Trappeniers, is also doing well ... for Union St. Gilloise. Beaten only three times in five games, Trappeniers super form has helped Union into fourth place, one point better off than Anderlecht!

FC Bruges top the table ... thanks to centre-forward Raoul Lambert and his eight goals. Lambert is known to be injury prone, however, and a great deal depends on him and his fitness. Former Standard manager Michel Pavic (from Yugoslavia) is now in charge of Bruges with last season's boss Frans De Munck now with Lierse SK.

Raoul Lambert, eight goals for top of the table FC Bruges.

NAME TO NOTE FOR WORLD CUP

Player Portrait on TOMMY BOOTH

THERE'S a right Lancashire ring about the name of Tommy Booth, and there's no doubting that his own solid personality is a constant reminder of the dourness of folk alongside the native Pennines.

Which, to coin a phrase, is part and parcel of the build-up of this young man of soccer of the modern vintage. A dedicated player if ever there was one.

So what? So verily we have here before us a man whom Sir Alf Ramsey, England's cap dispenser, is viewing very pleasantly while gradually assessing future World Cup requirements.

To put you in the picture even more clearly I'll go on record as saying that this youngster could probably fill the No. 5 spot in England's next challenge for the World Cup.

Having said that, we should take a look at him for although Tommy is not exactly a newcomer, he's practically unknown to the vast majority and, therefore, it's high time everybody in these islands and other places are introduced.

Schedule

Thomas Booth turns the scales at 11 st. 4 lb., measures up to 6 ft. 2 ins. in stockinged feet, and comes from my old stamping ground of the bustling market town of Middleton, where he used to live with father and mother, and brothers and sisters.

Just a boy in the crowd when Manchester City dramatically won the League championship at Newcastle's St. James's Park on May 11, 1968, yet 12 months later stepping up to receive a first gong from Princess Anne as member of a winning Wembley Cup team.

He looked a rather hopeless stripling when Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison first assessed the prospects. They wondered, then handed out a work schedule for the summer which meant nipping quietly round the corner to the old school track, beginning each week with a four-mile run, gradually speeding things up, and challenging the clock throughout the whole exercise.

He tortured himself on that deserted testing ground while pals were living it up. He worked until every muscle ached, and the heart beat out a tattoo. His body was flogged almost to the point of exhaustion.

But that grafting paid off, and conveniently at a time when the going was proving extra tough for the first team as they were becoming the champs many were scoring off while slipping into the nether regions.

Experimental

George Heslop, who had been bought from Everton, was not quite filling the bill at centre-half, and experimental moves still left Mercer unhappy about the immediate future.

All the time Tommy, a recruit from schools soccer in the old cotton town, went plodding along with "The Stiffs" without ever being labelled an up-and-coming star.

He wondered many times what the future might hold and there were odd moments of depression though, fortunately, Dad was always on hand to support and inspire. He knew the boy was going to the top, and had told his pals so over the evening pintas.

Backroom

Anyway, Allison and Johnny Hart, and the rest of the backroom folk coached him through the fourth and third teams into the official reserve line-up until Opportunity Knocked one cold, damp day in October of 1968, and he rightly took what the Gods offered.

To such effect that Mercer suddenly sat up in his seat in the stand, admired a great first show, and said afterwards: "He's going to be the finest footballing centre-half since Stan Cullis."

That was it. That was the reference which provided the passport to regular first team games and produced the never-to-be-forgotten Cup semi-final against those very old rivals from Everton, led by Joe Royle, whom many Merseysiders still believe could be greater than even Dixie Dean.

Tommy played Joe out of that game at Villa Park. There was never any doubt about that. And as if to underline his tremendous value to the Maine Road outfit he scored the winner himself as the referee was drawing wind for the final whistle.

There is a sufficiency of time for consolidation of individual merit before Ramsey begins shaping his next pool, but if injuries can be avoided he appears to be a racing certainty for inclusion in that list.

Of course, there will be two mighty challengers in Roy McFarland, whom Brian Clough signed from Tranmere in a midnight swoop, and Larry Lloyd.

Tommy Booth knows all about them and all the other likely rivals, just as he is also very well aware of his own burning ambitions. . . .

ERIC THORNTON

VIGNAL JAILED

RENE VIGNAL, French international soccer star turned gang leader, was sentenced to 15 years prison in Toulouse. The Vignal case came to court almost 20 years to the day after the former goalkeeper earned the nickname "The Flying Frenchman" from an admiring Wembley crowd for saving a vital penalty in an England–France international.

Vignal, who played for France 17 times in the early 1950's, was charged with premeditated robberies and attempted robberies and association with malefactors. This slim, catlike former athlete, now 44, was accused of leading his nine-man gang in 27 armed robberies.

A broken arm ended Vignal's career in 1954 when he was playing for the then mighty Racing Club de Paris.

Celtic would have played where Ajax would not

HAVE we really and truly seen the end of the abominable Inter-Continental Championship, as it so grandiosely calls itself (to you, the World Championship for Clubs)? At the moment of writing, it seems to hang in the balance. When Ajax decided, on the basis of one excuse and another, not to take part this season, that seemed likely to be the death knell of the thing, though I was surprised when I talked to Celtic's passionate and forceful Jock Stein to hear him proclaim: "It's part of our fixture list."

Celtic, he insisted, would play it, were they to win the European Cup again, and this despite the appalling experiences they underwent when they last competed, against Racing Club, in 1967. You wouldn't, Stein insisted, withdraw from the English Cup Final just because you were in line to win the Football League. Nor would you, in the World Cup, think of pulling out of a match between yourselves and Uruguay or Argentina. What perturbed him most, it seemed, was the previous lack of co-operation from the Scottish authorities. It did indeed seem rather much that Celtic should be obliged to play precisely four days after winning the League Cup Final; and play, moreover, in remote Buenos Aires, braving the time change as well as the journey.

Psychological

Moreover, as Stein very pertinently observes, there is the matter of psychological adjustment to a totally unfamiliar kind of opposition. It really does seem amazing that a nation's champions should be sent into battle in such a haphazard and uncomprehending way.

Bertie Mee, the Arsenal manager, would not, speaking personally, commit his players to such games; he does not, he said to me, feel that they should be exposed to such social degradation and loss of dignity. So there we are; you pay your money and you take your chance; the chance being, alas, that of getting brutally kicked across the shins and needing several stitches, as Bobby Charlton was, playing against Estudiantes in Buenos Aires, headed above the eye, as Nobby Stiles was in the **same** game, getting your nose broken by a blow of the elbow, as Nestor Combin of Milan did the following year in the same place against the same opposition, or getting kicked viciously in the back while you are undergoing treatment, as happened to Pierino Prati, on that same, ill omened day.

It is hardly reassuring to learn that the successor to Omar Sivori, who himself succeeded the deplorable Zubeldia as team manager of Estudiantes, is that very Dr. Carlos Bilardo who headed Stiles and cut his eye. Bilardo is graciously doing it for nothing, not, he says, as anything so grand as technical director, but in the hope of repaying some of the debt he owes in his career to the club, and of imparting some of his experience to them. Well, well. Comment seems quite superfluous.

Arsenal manager Bertie Mee.

What distresses me a little is that Ajax should have seen fit to hide behind excuses, for refusing to make the trip to South America. Their medical advisers, they announced, had told them that there might be unfortunate after-effects of vaccination. More in the minds of Ajax, I believe, were the possible after-effects of being hacked on the shin, kicked in the back or headed in the face. Why did they not simply announce that, given the experiences of the last four European contestants in South America, they preferred to look after their players' lives and limbs.

Coincidence

Remember that Feyenoord, the previous Dutch winners of the European Cup, would not, had their second game against Estudiantes, a rough one, necessitated a play-off, have agreed to undertake it. It was no coincidence, as Nereo Rocco, the Milan manager, observed at the time, that they should speedily have departed the European Cup, eliminated by the obscure UT Arad who, for all the graces of the red-headed Flaviu Domide, were hardly top weight. Milan themselves quite understandably faltered after their bruising experiences in Buenos Aires, and fell to Feyenoord in the European Cup which they then held.

It was strange indeed, and wholly misguided, that the European Union should breathe threats of sanctions against Ajax for doing what they in effect should long since have done, themselves. The so-called world club or inter-continental championship has never been anything more than a money-making

Celtic forward Jimmy Johnstone—pictured with his colleague Dagleish in action against Rangers—knows what it is like to play in South America and Argentina in particular.

gimmick. I have understood, though never agreed with, Sir Stanley Rous's ambition to extend and defuse the wretched thing by including the champions of Asia, Africa and the Central-Northern American group; the championship as it stands has always been exquisitely calculated to produce tension and strife.

At least things are no longer quite as bad and as gratuitously asinine as they once were. Initially, it will be remembered, not only did the teams have to meet home and home in an alarmingly short period, over which passions had little time to dissipate. They were also locked in a two-legged tournament where goal aggregate, the essence of such things, did not decide, and where the play-off, which became a frequent and horrendous occurrence, automatically was played on the ground of the team drawn at home in the second match.

Continent

This imbecility went at last, giving place to the slightly fairer, but hardly perfect (look at 1967) practice of playing in the same sub-continent or continent, but not in the same country. Thus Inter once had to play off and win in Madrid, while Celtic, as we all know only too well, were obliged to play in Montevideo.

Next to go, just in time for Milan and their wounded heroes to win without a play-off and its attendant grisly risks, was the custom of not deciding on goal aggregate. Milan in 1969 in fact beat Estudiantes on aggregate. It is also, in passing, worth mentioning that the South American Copa de los Libertadores has the habit of exempting its victors till the semi-finals. No wonder Estudiantes did so well for so long.

Sympathy

When I spoke to Joao Saldanha, the former Brazilian team manager, on his early season visit to London, he had a great deal of sympathy with Ajax, and their reluctance to play Nacional away.

It was, he said, simply impossible to win in Montevideo. There was no way for a referee to escape from the stadium if things went amiss.

I should like to see UEFA ban European teams from entering, in future, for the tournament, unless some means is devised of making it less explosive and dangerous. In the present state of Argentinian and South American football, I seriously doubt whether it can be found.

Which brings one to the ironies of the Argentinian and general South American reaction to our new refereeing dispensation this season. The Argentinians tended, rather childishly, to emit great cries of "We told you so", asserting that it was high time British footballers were called to order.

This, coming from a country whose own more serious critics have doubted the possibility of the game going on, such is the ferocity of defenders, was pretty rich. The fact is that unless and until Argentinian, and, indeed, Uruguayan football is cleaned up, there is little object in European club teams going to play in either country. Certainly the Argentinians are immeasurably the worse offenders, and certainly the Uruguayans seemed to behave themselves by and large in the 1970 World Cup, but there is no doubt that both play a football very different in its physical dimensions from Brazil's.

Perhaps the most cogent word on the subject of the new refereeing was Francis Lee's. "The Brazilians," he observed to me, "don't tackle from behind, and they won the World Cup." The two propositions are not wholly unrelated.

Oceania Cup cancelled...

Australian news by ANDREW DETTRE

STORM over the Pacific—that was the news here at the end of balmy September. Strictly speaking, the storm wasn't over the Pacific but over Oceania—the poor, misbegotten, neglected and seemingly moribund Oceania Confederation, FIFA's withered arm in this region.

Several months ago New Caledonia decided to hold an Oceania Cup tournament in Noumea and invited Australia, New Zealand and Fiji to participate. The event was to mark the very first physical activity of the Oceania Confederation since it was formed in 1966 and, as such, was meant to be largely of symbolic significance.

Reformed

All throughout the 1971 season it was firmly believed and understood that Australia would go to Noumea in October. There was never any doubt, never a dissenting voice. Then—the storm broke.

A newly reformed subcommittee of the Australian Federation "re-examined" the proposition and found that the venture would probably cost the ASF $2,000 or so. That was enough for them to renege on the agreement—and announce that "Australia isn't going unless New Caledonia is prepared to pay air fares and all other expenses". This, by the way, was never part of the deal.

This haberdasher mentality in itself wouldn't be worth mentioning; one gets fully conditioned to it in Australian soccer. But there is more to it than meets the eye.

As I said, this would have been the very first tournament ever arranged for at least some members of the Oceania Confederation; some, because Papua-New Guinea, the fourth full member, had declined ages ago.

This could have marked the long overdue beginning of some form of contact among the members. Because, so far there hasn't been any.

The last time Australia visited New Zealand was in 1958; the last time they came over here was in 1954. For 17 years Australia couldn't find the time—or interest—to get the Kiwis here, a couple of hours of flight at most. Yet we talk of Oceania....

One wonders why and how the Australian delegates ever duped the FIFA Congress in 1966 into accepting the formation of this confederation, which exists only in name. And now, when the chance presented itself to breathe some life into this moribund body—Australia is the first to lose interest.

At the time of writing, it's still not entirely certain that the Oceania Cup will be cancelled, as the majority of clubs and officials demand that Australia keep its bargain. The ASF will be under pressure to rethink its miserly decision and may decide to risk a small financial loss rather than lose face. But it's plainly disgraceful that this situation could arise at all.

Former Montrose and Tranmere winger John McNamee, now with Hakoah, crosses the ball, almost blasting the head off of St. George defender George Harris. These two teams once again dominated the Sydney scene in 1971, Hakoah winning the championship and St. George the Grand Final.

Fantastic

On the domestic front the Sydney season has just ended, with the annual competition Grand Final, a play-off series between the top four clubs. The winner of this tournament, so unique in the world, was St. George-Budapest who were beaten in the 1969 and 1970 finals. This time they made sure that the eternal bridesmaid becomes the bride, when they beat newly promoted Western Suburbs 3-2, with two fantastic goals by former Berwick Rangers star Alan Ainslie and one by Ottie Abonyi.

Wests, coached by former Charlton Athletic star Tommy Dawson, did remarkably well in their initial season in top company—and for this they have to thank mainly their two veterans, George Kinnell, now about 36, the former Sunderland defender and Archie Blue, who used to be with Kilmarnock.

Hakoah, who actually won the league championship, missed out on the final, having suffered a 5-1 beating at the hands of Western Suburbs. That was Hakoah's first defeat in precisely one year—and proved to be extremely costly.

Why run down small clubs?

DANNY BLANCHFLOWER used to be one of my favourite footballers. Always thoughtful, constructive and original—he was a delight to watch. After an unexpectedly early retirement, he tried his hand at various things, and finally settled down as reporter/columnist for the *Sunday Express*. His column is compulsive reading, always thoughtful, constructive, but not quite so original, and often infuriating.

A man of obviously good intentions, he fights the "windmills" of football with the zest of an Irish Don Quixote swiping at imaginary targets. To argue with such a biased zealot is quite pointless, because his convictions are rigid, deep-seated, unshakable.

Compelled

However, I feel that his latest outbursts concerning European football is so ill-conceived and unfair, that one cannot ignore them, and I am compelled to present the other side of this particular coin.

Blanchflower's main target has been the Luxembourg team, Jeunesse Hautcharage, and he cleverly contrasts their pitiful standard of football with the semi-hysterical Fleet Street publicity of the "we are marching into Europe" kind. While the voice of the popular Press is often unnecessarily strident, the journalists have helped to popularise international football.

The earlier attitude of the British public was beautifully summed up in the film, "Those magnificent men . . .", when Robert Morley, playing a typical Col. Blimp character, said: "The trouble with international competitions is that there are always foreigners in them!" In order to change this narrow-mindedness, the media went overboard in propagating the various Cups, and the attendance figures surely justify the validity of that campaign.

Belittle

On two consecutive weeks, Danny has pointed out that the village team of this small principality has four brothers in it, a one-armed striker and a midfield player who wears glasses. I cannot see any reason to belittle a club because of the presence of four brothers. We all remember a team winning the World Cup with two brothers (and a player who wore contact lenses) plus a very good Northern Irish team which beat England at Wembley with two brothers called Danny and Jackie.

John and Mel Charles didn't do too badly for Wales either, and in Rumania there are seven (!) brothers called Nunweiller, six of whom are full internationals. So it is illogical to suggest that a team is intrinsically bad just because of "football incest".

But, of course, it is quite clear that the teams from Luxembourg, Malta, Iceland, Finland and Cyprus have never been good enough to offer serious opposition to the highly paid professionals of the rest of Europe. Cheap jibes are not the weapons with which to tackle this problem—if it is a problem at all. Billy Nicholson, a true gentleman of football, said after the slaughter of Keflavik: "I think it is a good thing for football in general to have sides like this playing in European tournaments. It is all part of the game's good will. And the Icelanders played with great sportsmanship."

I agree with Danny's former manager, and suggest that if Hautcharage was situated in Somerset and reached the first round of the FA Cup, their reception would have been quite different. They would have been hailed as the folk heroes of the season, and the lady who washes the team's kit would have appeared on television at least three times, wearing a rosette and carrying a rattle.

Unwanted

In my view, the unwanted clubs of the European competitions are the ones which sell their rights to stage the home leg, and play off both matches in the opposition's country. This practice should be banned by the UEFA, or alternatively, the clubs concerned should not be allowed to enter in the future. This season, all three entries from Cyprus chose to cash in and played their matches in Holland, Belgium and Italy, respectively (0-17, 0-8, 0-7). Their FA should be notified that if their clubs cannot afford to stage matches in Nicosia or Famagusta, they should not participate in the tournaments.

One last observation of the subject which might interest Mr. Blanchflower. Six Irish (Northern and Southern) clubs marched into Europe this season, and all marched out after the first rounds. Perhaps they had too many brothers in the teams. . . .

Vacant

Blanchflower's other favourite targets are: Administrators, Alan Hardaker, Arsenal and TV commentators. His hobby horses: bonus points for goals, professional referees and Sir Matt Busby for any job which happens to be vacant at the time. I agree with him that some of the people who run our national game should be pensioned off.

But a wholesale condemnation of television commentators is grossly unfair. Danny has done a similar job in the USA, consequently he must appreciate how difficult it is not to exaggerate slightly when one tries to "sell" the game and the particular programme.

Challenge

I think we are lucky to have Barry Davies, Brian Moore and Gerald Sinsted who can always be relied upon to give a fairly objective view of the proceedings. Sometimes they become involved, but I cannot see anything wrong in that. Football without passion is a dull exercise indeed.

Last month, colleague Philip Evans in his Italian column, challenged all WORLD SOCCER contributors to a wager. He is willing to bet a magnum of champagne that Juventus will win the League. OK Philip, I accept the challenge. You send me the same amount of bubbly if AC Milan win the title. Or if Feyenoord win the European Cup, or England the European Championship, or Ujpesti Dozsa the Hungarian League or Manchester United the Championship. Take your choice — all correspondence will be politely acknowledged!

French news from ..... ANDRE DUCLOS

HEALTHY LOOK ABOUT FRANCE

WHETHER or not the revitalised French international team will succeed in qualifying for the European Championship Finals is a moot point on which the Bulgarians have much to say. What is beyond dispute is that the French game is at its healthiest and liveliest for many years. If the international side hardly overflowed with brilliance in winning their opening Championship match 3-1 away to Norway in Oslo, at least it was a victory, while the League, with its heavy quota of foreign stars, is full of interest.

One of its most remarkable features has been the sudden resurrection of St. Etienne. As you will remember, when we last left our heroes they looked tired heroes indeed; or rather, still suffering the loss of such stars, all in a bunch and a body, as Camerini, Hervé Revelli, Carnus and Bosquier. But a swinging 9-0 home defeat of poor Reims, in which Salif Keita ran riot, suddenly revitalised them, and they went on winning impressively, only to be struck by another misfortune. Samardzic, the clever and experienced Yugoslav international inside-right, who had been a reserve de luxe last season and a very present help in trouble, hurt his knee, had to have a cartilage operation, and was thus put out for at least two months.

Still, the St. Etienne team, now packed full of clever and ambitious youngsters, has had some wonderful wins even without him, among which I would mention a splendid 4-0 success away to Metz. An excellent 19,050 crowd, further evidence of the increasing health of French football, saw St. Etienne dominate the day, after Parizon had scored in the first minute. The astonishing Keita—if only this tall Malian could play for France!—added another two goals to his bag, in his renewed battle with Josip Skoblar for the title of chief League scorer, while young Patrick Revelli, brother of Hervé, got the fourth.

Hobbling painfully

Talent is burgeoning all over the place. Though France is scarcely short of strikers at the moment, with such as Hervé Revelli and Loubet, both now at Nice, to call upon, there are those who believe that the best centre-forward in the country, Salif Keita always excluded, may well be Michel Prost, the thrustful Lyon leader.

Talking of Yugoslavs, and how can one keep them out of any account of modern French football, Skoblar showed he is going to be a hard man to deprive of his goal-scoring title when he knocked in three against Red Star of Marseilles, in a 6-0 win. Alan Ball may be wryly interested to learn, meanwhile, that no less an inside-left than the tough and ruthless Bobrivoje Trivic has just joined Lyon from Vojvodina. It was Trivic whose ruthless foul had Ball hobbling painfully about the morning after that England v. Yugoslavia quarter-final of the Nations Cup in Florence, rather more than three years ago.

On that same day, Ivica Osim, the tall Yugoslav midfield player, was the limping victim of an equally ferocious tackle by Norman Hunter. This season Osim finds himself, of all places, in the National League, or Second Division, of French football, playing regional league football for Strasbourg, whom even his presence could not save from being relegated.

Nantes have imported a useful Argentinian in the powerful international right-winger, Marcos, who helped them to thrash Paris St. Germain 6-0. 16,254 fans watched that one; again, a remarkable crowd for Nice. Despite being skippered by the French international captain and right-back, Djorkaeff, the Parisian team is not finding things easy in the higher division. Lille, who need a crowd of about 8,000 to survive, were watched by 12,000 when they went down at home 1-0 in a close match with Lille, whose goal was scored by Serge Chiesa, of whom I recently wrote in these pages. Chiesa was a star (three goals) of the French Espoirs team which drew 4-4, of all unfashionable scores, with the young Norwegians on the same day as the European Championship match.

Another big recent crowd was drawn to Bordeaux, where 25,000 watched an all-Southern match in which two goals from the French international midfield player, Novi, gave Marseilles a 2-0 victory. But the expensively put together Nice team, although it is doing well, still cannot aspire to quite such gates. A 14,000 crowd is nearer the rule, for them, although their team now brims over with stars; including Germany's forward, Kaltenbrunner, and of course the blond Eriksson, who joined them from Sweden last season, after turning down Bordeaux.

Hot competition

Yet a third member of that famous Yugoslav Nations Cup team of 1968, its excellent goalkeeper, Pantelic, has now gone to Corsica, where he is playing for Bastia; recent 6-1 home winners over Sochaux. Damjanovic, a powerful stopper, is playing in the back four for Angers, while let us not forget a distinguished Rumanian, Pircalab. A right-winger so good that in his own country he for years forced the right-footed Mircea Lucescu to play on the left, Pircalab has entered another season with Nimes, where he is helping to lay on goals for the brilliantly effective Jacky Vergnes, in hot competition with Keita and Skoblar. Capped in Oslo, he duly got the first French goal.

Corsican football, with two clubs now in the First Division, is as passionately followed as you would expect it to be. The crowds may not be very good, but they certainly make up in fervour whatever they may lack in size. Ajaccio have recently had their ground closed for two matches as a result of spectators' violence during a match with Marseilles early in the season. Bottles were thrown, one of which struck Skoblar himself. Ajaccio can hardly say they haven't been warned. They were punished four times last season for similar offences, and the Disciplinary Commission sadly noted the inability of the club's directors to keep their crowd in order. One sympathises with them a little. It seems to require nothing short of a reincarnated Napoleon to turn up again for order to be kept on Corsican soil....

Finally, since English managers are forever complaining that players lose form when they marry, here is one who claims just the reverse. Patrick Parizon, who as we have seen is doing so well for St. Etienne this season, actually attributes his improved form to his recent marriage. "It has made me," he says, "more conscious of realities." To prove it, he had an excellent game against the Norwegian hopes, and helped Sergie Chiesa materially to score his three goals. Now Samardzic's injury has left the way clear to him at St. Etienne, and he seems the dedicated kind of youngster to pursue it.

Two-faced exhibition in Zurich

Odermatt

Swiss News from ARTHUR ROTMIL

SWITZERLAND'S last major rehearsal before the two vital European Championship clashes with England turned into an astonishing two-faced exhibition, which on balance proved neither encouraging nor remotely conclusive. A 4-0 victory over Turkey in Zurich would have—under normal circumstances—been hailed as a decisive triumph, but strange as it may seem, it merely left a string of question-marks against the true potential of the side.

The Swiss scored four goals inside the first 26 minutes—including three within 180 seconds—but thereafter their appetite was lost, the incentive to repeat the 7-1 slaughter of Rumania in this city four years ago, had somehow vanished. Thus the 23,000 crowd, including three national managers (Sir Alf Ramsey, Ferruccio Valcareggi, Italy, and Georges Boloungne, France) witnessed a tremendous opening burst from the hosts with goals by Boffi (10 minutes), Odermatt (23), Künzli (25) and Blättler (26), but after the champagne they served up flat cider!

Substitutions

True, the Turks had just arrived from Poland, where four days earlier they crashed 1-5 in a European Championship match. True also that the half-time substitutions contributed to the loss of cohesion and rhythm. There was curiously a certain analogy with the game against Malta, when the Helvetians had scored five goals in the opening half an hour and then somehow failed to add on to their tally.

The team simply could not sustain their early verve and momentum and clearly missed an opportunity not only of establishing a record score but, more important, to test their own stamina for the tough battles with England.

The management certainly cannot be blamed for this let-up, for they did everything possible to raise the strongest available side. The best example of *their* determination was provided by the case of Rolf Blättler. This established international plays a vital role in the midfield axis with Odermatt and Kuhn. This is, in fact, the trio which impressed Sir Alf Ramsey most when he watched them last December against Greece, in Athens.

Blättler has been at loggerheads with his club, Lugano; he lost heart and was eventually dropped before being transferred to FC Basle. This came at an unfortunate time when the national team were due to prepare for the game v. Turkey and the championship programme was later to be postponed prior to the first meeting with England. To give Blättler at least some match practice the national manager Louis Maurer picked him for the B-Team in a test game against the Austrian side Alpine Donawitz.

Blättler scored twice in a 3-1 win and was promptly selected for the full international. Next, he was due to play for Basle's reserves (!), not being eligible for their first team until after the first game v. England.

Entertainment

Before the return with England at Wembley on November 10, the national squad will arrive here six days earlier, to acclimatise itself to local conditions. They will make their HQ at Welwyn Garden City and apart from the usual training routine and other entertainment, they will visit the League match between Chelsea and Notts Forest at Stamford Bridge on November 6.

No matter what happens in the first leg, the Swiss will not lack support at Wembley. Several thousand fans are making the trip which many will extend into sampling "swinging London"!

On the Swiss domestic front the most important measure to curb unruly behaviour have been temporarily shelved. Following the repeated invasions of pitches, either by celebrating or protesting fans, a number of clubs have been forced to erect pig wire fencing and followed this up by suggesting to the National League's executive committee to make this type of precaution compulsory.

But the proposal failed to obtain the necessary majority so for the moment only those clubs who have experienced trouble will be free to decide when to build fences. Actually, the worst excesses have not been evident so much in games between local teams as during visits of Italian sides, especially in the Alpine Cup matches. Nearly half the crowd consists of Italian guest workers who find the sight of their worshipped stars on the receiving end too much to take.

Customary

In the battle for the championship the favourites FC Zürich headed the table after six games with a point-lead over Young Boys and Basle. Title holders Grasshoppers and Chaux-de-Fonds were following jointly, a further point in arrears. At the bottom Biel and Lucerne faced their customary fight to improve their positions.

The high position of Young Boys should surprise no one, for the club from Berne have been considerably strengthened by the two German Hans-Otto Peters and the ex-Bayern Munich star Dieter Brenninger. It is 11 years since the club had last won a title—before that they were champions four seasons in succession from 1957-60! Altogether Young Boys hold ten League wins to 13 by Servette and 16 claimed by Grasshoppers. The latter have now lost some of their edge and are finding it tough at the top, particularly since they let their Swedish star Ove Grahn depart for Lausanne.

Leading scorers: Dimmeler (Winterthur), Müller (Young Boys) and Grahn (Lausanne) each with five goals.

SUAREZ JOINS GRANADA

DON CANDIDO GOMEZ is Spain's most ambitious president. He dreams of making Granada one of the "fashionables". They must be strange dreams.

"The club's stadium has been enlarged, we have an excellent manager (Joseito), our team comprises of young players and this season we are determined to qualify for the European competitions," he says.

"Our biggest need for a long time has been an experienced, *stabilizing influence* in the back line. At last we have been fortunate to sign Aguirre Suarez, the phenomenal Paraguayan star of Estudiantes de La Plata. It's Spain's most important signing of the season."

Disrepute

Important? It was staggering, unbelievable news ... and I bluntly told Don Candi: "It's a signing that brings shame and disrepute to club and country."

Ramon Aguirre Suarez was one of the three guilty men (Poletti and Manera were the others) of the shameful Estudiantes-AC Milan Inter-Continental Cup final scandal of 1969.

General José Ongania, the Argentine president, who watched on television, football's most disgraceful brawl, put pressure on the Argentine FA and police to enforce the strictest measures of discipline. The original FA sentences were: Poletti banned from football for life, Manera 20 matches suspension and three years' international exile. Suarez 30 matches suspension and *banned from international football for five years* (two Italian players, Pratti and Combin were taken off on stretchers after being wilfully injured and attacked by Suarez). Later these sentences were mysteriously reduced.

Remember ... this was no isolated incident. The Estudiantes "killers" had been doing this kind of thing for three years. Ask Manchester United and Feyenoord.

Patience

Anyway, when I met Suarez these are the unique answers he gave to the few questions I had patience enough to ask.

Are you an international? No. *Some football personalities in South America disagree!* They can say what they like. My documents say I'm not. *Isn't it strange that a player of your category has never been selected?* I have been selected ... but have always asked to be left out because I knew one day I'd want to play in Spain.

(D. Mario Cesar, director of Estudiantes, interrupted and said: The Argentine FA was requested not to include Suarez because of our foreign tours and commitments.)

How did you (Suarez) overcome Spain's no-importation regulations? I didn't have to, I'm not a foreigner. I have a Spanish passport. I was born in Paraguay but my father came from Pamplona. *Some reports comment on your rough play!* I like to play strong, but never have shown treachery, or been in trouble with another player. When on the field I defend my team with justice. I'm an honest, responsible player.

Much is expected of you in Granada. I dislike the role of star player. I'm the humble, modest type and prefer to be part of the team.

I gave it up ... I couldn't stand it any longer. Finally a press observation: "Aguirre Suarez is qualified to play for Spain's international side."

God forbid!

ALTAFINI PLANS BOUTIQUE CAREER

THE famous Naples inside-forward, Brazilian-born Jose Altafini, has opened a boutique named "Annabella" in the Benalmadena district of Malaga. His aunt is running it at the moment, but José tells me he intends taking an active part when his playing career ends. *His contract with Naples still has two years to run, but he's hoping to negotiate—or buy—his release at the end of the present season.*

Altafini, who has spent several summer vacations in Torremolinos, plans to live permanently there. He has already bought a luxury house.

Few will have forgotten that Altafini, under his real name, Mazzola, played a big part in Brazil's 1958 World Cup success in Sweden. He moved from Palmeiras to AC Milan immediately afterwards, changing his name so as not to be confused with the renowned Italian Mazzola family, the late Valentin and Sandro. Altafini won two League titles and the European Cup with Milan, then in 1964-65 moved to Naples.

It's a long way from football to fashion ... but evidently a popular and rewarding step. George Best knows a little about women's dress ... Mike Summerbee is a menswear expert ... Severino Reija has two fashion houses and four glamorous models in Zaragoza ... and Johan Cruyff a unique Shoetique which sells nothing but Italian shoes, in Amsterdam.

And didn't I see Chelsea's Peter Bonetti, David Webb, and Keith Weller modelling for King's Road gear recently?

Ladislao Mazurkiewicz, outstanding Uruguay goalkeeper.

NAMES make NEWS

by NORMAN CUTLER

Manuel Velasquez of Real Madrid.

REAL PLAY

REAL MADRID always intimated that they would never play in the Fairs Cup ... whatever name they gave it. Now Real's general manager, D. Antonio Calderon, reveals: "... Real are participating in the UEFA Cup this season because of a special invitation from Gustav Wiederkeher, president of UEFA. We were asked during the Cup Winners Cup final in Athens."

D. Santiago Bernabeu, forever blunt, says: "... the UEFA Cup has now become important. Very important. It will provide the formula—with adjustments—upon which a European League will be formed."

Have you got the message?

Great masters of the past meet

LEV YASHIN, struggling as manager-coach of Moscow Dynamo (his old club) recently met Ricardo Zamora, Spain's great goalkeeper of the '20s. It was a fantastic meeting of Old Masters. Neither could speak the other's language, yet through Yashin being excessively diplomatic, and Zamora impossibly loquacious, it turned into a mutual admiration session without equal.

We did, however, gather a few gems of thought, wisdom or opinion, although many of our modern day, kinky, op-art "technicians" will no doubt ridicule these old-timers.

Yashin, who can hardly be called an old-timer, *does not believe there can be a "best ever" or "best of all times" player, positional or otherwise.* (Oh, how I agree with him.) "Football has changed so very much that many of the great players of yesterday would be quite lost in the whirling, speedy, kaleidoscopic game of today," he says.

"The central [libero-sweeper] is very distinct from the centre-half of yesterday. So are the full-backs ... for a defender to attack up the wings was unheard of in the past. And inside-forwards! Nowadays they are yesterday's half-backs. It's all very confusing to us, so it would be almost impossible, if the masters of the past were able to come back. Modern football seems to be a question of mathematics ... each era or epoch is distinct.

"Actually the goalkeeper is the one who has changed least. The same precise qualities ... strong, brave, agile, intuitive and the ability to be ready for the unformed intentions of opponents ... are vitally necessary.

"The area today is far too congested. The accumulation of defenders doesn't allow the 'keeper sufficient freedom of action. Look at the 'keeper-defence clashes you get! I always preferred the goal area and half the penalty area—at least—to be mine. This kept the zone in front of the goal clear for my advances and vision, and enabled full-backs room to manœuvre and recover."

Ricardo Zamora severely criticised the retreating defence system. "It's ridiculous how forwards are allowed to move half-way down the field without being intercepted. If you tackle enough they will lose the ball—or get rid of it—long before you reach the area."

He emphasised his favourite point ... that whenever the opposing side attacks the goalkeeper should direct all defensive operations. "I don't mean only in his own area, but as far up as the centre line. Immediately forwards fall back into their own half, they should come under the control of their 'keeper. His position on the field enables him to see the entire build-up ... and his voice is the one that should be heard.

"I agree nowadays you see less direction from the goal-line and more by the centre-half ... but I feel it's a mistake. A bigger mistake is that *modern players will not take direction ... they will not accept an order from a colleague who is in a better position for fear of admitting someone else knows best.*"

U.S.A.

by COLIN JOSE

DARTS SOLD—MOVES TO MIAMI...

THE Washington Darts have been sold. After nine years of trying to promote soccer in the United States capital, the Washington Darts stockholders recently voted unanimously, to sell the franchise to a Newark, New Jersey, businessman, John Bilotta who will apply to the North American Soccer League to move the franchise to Miami.

As pointed out in the September edition of WORLD SOCCER, the Darts encountered considerable financial problems and received very little support from the sports fans of Washington in their efforts to bring first-class soccer to the city.

General manager Norman Sutherland, who is also one of the stockholders, said the decision was made after the club had registered financial losses close to $100,000 this season.

Coverage

"This is the fifth professional season in a row that we have lost money in trying to promote soccer," he said. "In fact," he continued, "between the Darts and the Washington Whips (members of the NASL in 1968) over a million dollars has been spent in an attempt to get the people of Metropolitan Washington interested in this international sport."

The decision to sell the club was covered in some depth by the Washington press; a kind of coverage the Darts never received when they needed it. In fact, it was almost as if the press was glad to see them go, for it would mean one less sport to cover.

Leonard Shapiro, writing in the *Washington Post*, one of the nation's leading newspapers, was perhaps the kindest, saying: "At least they paid the rent," but he did point out the club's contribution to youth soccer in the area, noting that "more than 15,000 boys are playing soccer in the Washington area now and although the Darts are not directly responsible, they have made a major contribution to the boom".

Shapiro also quotes Norman Sutherland as saying: "We've sent players and coaches to more than 1,000 clinics, lectures and demonstrations and we did it free, hoping eventually it would pay off at the gate." Obviously it didn't.

Franchise

While many of the problems basic to the promotion of professional soccer in the United States underlie the failure of this franchise, the main reason for its failure has to be the seeming indifference of a great many Americans to the game.

The Darts, despite having a very successful team and using every conceivable promotional idea to attract fans to the stadium, failed to interest the average sports fan in Washington and the ethnic population of the city, which is smaller than in most US cities, was not enough to carry the cost of the franchise.

In buying the Darts and moving the club to Miami, John Bilotta has purchased the right to the franchise and the contracts of the players. The deal did not include the contracts of Sutherland or coach Alan Rogers, but Sutherland has been offered the general manager's job and if the terms are right seems likely to accept. Alan Rogers has already found employment with the Persepolis club of Iran.

One man who deserves a lot of credit for the way the Darts have been run and who has always stayed in the background is President Rudy Clemen. Mr. Clemen, a historian with the American Red Cross, virtually absorbed the whole of the $100,000 loss himself this season, and soccer owes him a deep debt of gratitude.

The success of a soccer franchise in Miami has to be open to question, for it is a city that has never been able to support a professional baseball team and soccer promotions there in recent years have never attracted a lot of interest.

And so we say "requiescat in pace" Darts and hello to the Miami (Hurricanes?).

Fresh image evident

THE opening games of the new season seemed to indicate a new image for the Austrian game, accounted for by the influx of money from outside business interests. FK Austria, the Cup holders, flattered for a while, picking up nine points from their first five games before losing three times in a row.

Newly promoted big spenders DSV Alpine from Donawitz also got off to a good start. Unbeaten after seven games they occupy second place and have a game in hand on the leaders SC Rapid, two points ahead.

Rapid's visit to Eisenstadt brought a record crowd of 12,000 to a town of only 7,000 inhabitants. Rapid won 3-0, pleasing manager Gerd Springer after scoring only three goals in their six previous games, but on the way home the car driven by international Norbert Hof left the road. Worst casualty was Jurgen Ey, who sustained a broken arm.

Champions Wacker Innsbruck, now amalgamated with neighbours Swarowski Wattens are known in various quarters as Swarowski, Innsbruck, and the most common and official title—FC Tirol. After being unceremoniously dumped out of the European Cup by Benfica they dropped a vital point (1-1) away to Linz ASK without their captain Eschmuller and West German inside-forward Hennes Kuppers—both suspended after being out late in Lisbon.

The championship race seems already to have become a three-club affair. SC Rapid lead with 13 points from a possible 16.

COLIN McALPIN on Northern Ireland's new wonder-boy

O'Neill – future Irish star

Distillery manager Jimmy McAlinden embraces his hottest asset . . . Martin O'Neill, a youngster with a wide range of skills and a shot to round them off. O'Neill is nicknamed the "White Pele" by his colleagues.

SUDDENLY a new name has exploded on the soccer scene . . . a name you'll certainly be hearing a lot more of in the coming years. Every so often, but all too seldom, you watch a player with all the natural skills, all the drive and determination, all the flair and imagination and you mark him down as a star, one of the few really talented players from whom something is always expected and always produced.

And there, in the vastness of the Barcelona stadium in a European Cup Winners Cup tie involving a club of part-timers from Northern Ireland, the man plays the game of his life. Only it's not just THE game, it's simply one of many such games.

Attention

Martin O'Neill is the man, Distillery his club. Already this exciting youngster has attracted the attention of clubs like Celtic, Leeds, Arsenal, Preston, Coventry and Hull and already, though he has still to play a full season in the Irish League, he has been suggested as a member of the Northern Ireland international panel.

Newspapermen seldom like to stick their necks out on behalf of a player, especially if he is as young and relatively inexperienced as the 19-year-old law student O'Neill. Yet I doubt if any of the pressmen who cover Irish League football regularly would advise you to forget O'Neill.

And Martin, until a year ago a Gaelic player, wants desperately to break into the big time: "It's now or never for me. I must get into the English or Scottish League soon."

Breathtaking

O'Neill is the perfect players' player, his colleagues have a great admiration for him. After his breathtaking display in Barcelona, where he matched and often bettered anything the Spaniards could do and where he won over the sporting fans with his sheer brilliance, the other Distillery players called him the "White Pelé" and told me of his genuine modesty.

Distillery captain Peter Rafferty, himself a centre-half of class and dependability, the best indeed in the Irish League, told me of O'Neill's first games for the club: "Every time he missed a goal, even from the most impossible of positions, he would apologise to the rest of us. Every time he tried something and it didn't come off he would say how sorry he was and how he would try and do better next time. And next time he usually did do better."

I can personally second Peter's comments. Whenever I watch O'Neill play well and tell him so afterwards he says: "Did you really think so?"

Distillery are in an awkward position over him. They know they have the hottest property in Ireland on their books, they know he must eventually leave them for bigger things . . . yet they know they cannot let him go for chicken feed. If a club wants him it must be prepared to start talking around the £20,000 mark and even then they will have stolen him.

Youngster

Distillery, like all clubs in the crisis-hit Irish League, desperately need the money but they are not going to be rushed into giving O'Neill away.

The club that does get him isn't buying just another youngster likely to make it, they will be getting a ready-made star of great skill and dedication, and a player for whom the big time holds no fear.

He is, as Barcelona manager Rinus Michels said after the game, something special. Remember the name . . . Martin O'Neill.

POST-WAR SURVEY Hungary by ERIC BATTY

THE PAST WITH GR

OVER the years the most successful Hungarian clubs have been Ferencvaros (FTC) and MTK, who have each won the championship almost as many times as the rest of the Division I clubs put together. At different times both these clubs have been known by other names—FTC being called Hungaria FC in the '30s and Kinizsi after the Second World War; MTK playing as Bastya and Voros Loboga (Red Banner) until the late 1950s. In both cases, however, the greater part of their league successes were recorded in the period prior to 1945 and the honours in the period under review have been pretty well spread.

Two dates stand out in the post-war Hungarian game—1956 and 1966—and each in its different way marks the end of an era, a period of domination by one or two clubs. The social upheaval in Hungary was in 1956 while in 1966 Vasas Budapest provided several of the key men who did so much to help Hungary maintain her reputation during the World Cup of that year. In the early '60s Vasas took the championship four times with Janos Farkas and Kalman Meszoly the two outstanding figures and each played a vital role in the '66 World Cup. None who saw the "Farkas goal" against Brazil at Liverpool will ever forget it, with Florian Albert and Ferenc Bene making the running in the build-up and a perfect cross from the latter finding Farkas steaming into space to score with a spectacular right-foot volley.

Key figures

Since then Vasas have slipped though neither Farkas nor Meszoly were particularly old. Somehow, however, they never seemed able to fulfil the promise of 1966 and both Ferencvaros and Ujpest Dozsa were able to capitalise on the deficiencies of Vasas. For FTC the key figures of 1967 and 1968 were Florian Albert and Zoltan Varga, while the team making the running now are Ujpest Dozsa for whom Lajos Baroti did such a fine job after eight years with the national side. For Dozsa the outstanding players have been Ferenc Bene, Arpad Fazekas

HUNGARY

	Champions	P	W	D	L	Goals FA	Goals P
1945-46	Ujpest Dozsa	18	14	3	1	71.23	31
1946-47	Ujpest Dozsa	30	21	5	4	106.43	47
1947-48	Csepel	32	24	4	4	73.32	52
1948-49	Ferencvaros TC	30	26	1	3	140.36	53
1949-50	Honved	30	23	4	3	84.29	50
1950	***Honved	15	13	1	1	67.16	27
1951	M.T.K.	26	22	2	2	96.27	26
1952	Honved	26	21	5	0	88.21	47
1953	M.T.K.	26	22	2	2	92.28	46
1954	Honved	26	19	2	5	100.43	40
1955	Honved	26	20	5	1	99.47	45
1956	Championship abandoned						
1957	***Vasas Budapest	11	7	3	1	36.14	17
1957-58	M.T.K.	26	15	5	6	51.30	35
1958-59	Csepel	26	14	6	6	56.25	34
1959-60	Ujpest Dozsa	26	17	6	3	52.26	40
1960-61	Vasas Budapest	26	15	8	3	59.24	38
1961-62	Vasas Budapest	26	17	4	5	55.27	38
1962-63	Ferencvaros TC	26	15	7	4	49.28	37
1963	***Vasas Gyor	13	6	5	2	20.07	17
1964	Ferencvaros TC	26	19	3	4	58.27	41
1965	Vasas Budapest	26	17	5	4	48.19	39
1966	Vasas Budapest	26	17	9	0	67.27	43
1967	Ferencvaros TV	30	24	4	2	85.24	52
1968	Ferencvaros TC	30	21	7	2	65.26	49
1969	Ujpest Dozsa	30	20	8	2	83.27	48
1970	***Ujpest Dozsa	14	11	1	2	37.13	23
1970-71	Ujpest Dozsa	30	18	7	5	71.29	43

NOTE. Four times in the period under review the Hungarians have changed their season. Between the years 1951 and 1956 the season started in the spring and ended in the autumn of the same year. The seasons marked *** have been "changeover" campaigns and in fact only half seasons. In the 1970-71 season the Hungarians fell into step once more with the majority of European countries, beginning the season in the autumn of the first year and completing the programme in the spring of the following year.

TOP GOALSCORERS

Deak (SZAC)	54
Deak (SZAC)	48
Puskas (Kispest)	50
Deak (FTC)	59
Puskas (Honved)	31
Puskas (Honved)	25
Kocsis (Honved)	30
Kocsis (Honved)	36
Puskas (Honved)	27
Kocsis (Honved)	33
Czibor (Honved)	20
Szilagyi (Vasas B.)	17
Friedmanszky (FTC)	16
Tichy (Honved)	15
Albert (FTC)	27
Albert (FTC)	
Tichy (Honved)	21
Tichy (Honved)	23
Bene (Ujpest Doz.)	23
Tichy (Honved)	13
Tichy (Honved)	28
Albert (FTC)	27
Farkas (Vasas B.)	25
Dunai (Ujpest Doz.)	36
Dunai (Ujpest Doz.)	31
Bene (Ujpest Doz.)	27
Dunai (Ujpest Doz.)	14
Kozma (Honved)	25

TOTAL SUCCESSES TO DATE:

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Ferencvaros TC 21; M.T.K. 18; Ujpest Dozsa 12; Vasas Budapest, Honved 5; Csepel 4; B.T.C. 2; Vasas Gyor, Nagyvarad 1.

F.A. CUP WINNERS

Vasas Gyor 3; M.T.K., Ujpest Dozsa 2; Honved, Vasas Budapest, Ferencvaros TC 1.

F.A. CUP FINALS

No competitions except those given.

M.T.K.	3	Dorog	2
Vasas Budapest	3	Honved	2
Ferencvaros TC	2	Salgotarjan	1
Honved	1	Vasas Gyor	0
Vasas Gyor	4	Diosgyor	0
Vasas Gyor	3	Ferencvaros TC	2 *
Vasas Gyor	1	Salgotarjan	2
M.T.K.	2	Honved	1
Ujpest Dozsa	3	Honved	1
Ujpest Dozsa	3	Komlo	2

Not completed yet.

* Replay after 1-1 draw

ST IS RIDDLED GREAT PLAYERS

and Antal Dunai whose left foot brought him the "Top European scorer's" title in 1967–68.

In the years following 1956 inevitably it was the clubs least affected by the social upheavals of the time who were able to dominate with Karoly Sandor (outside-right) and Nandor Hidegkuti (centre-forward) being particularly outstanding for MTK in the championship year 1957–58.

Without doubt, Hungary's golden years in the post-war game came in the early '50s when the Army club Honved (known as Kispest earlier) rose to prominence. In the Honved team of that time were several outstanding players who would have been world class no matter who they played for—including Jozsef Bozsik (right-half), Sandor Kocsis (inside-right) and Ferenc Puskas (inside-left). With goalkeeper Grosics, stopper Lorant and left-winger Czibor they formed the basis of the Honved team that dominated the Hungarian scene between 1947 and 1956 and together with Lantos, Zakarias and Hidegkuti (all from MTK or Voros Lobogo as they were known at the time) combined to form the great Hungarian national team.

During Honved's peak years, MTK in fact proved to be the only club that could live with the Army side and indeed these two teams fought many a great battle and quite often it was MTK who came off best. In terms of championship successes Honved won by five titles to two in their peak years but together the combination of the talents from Honved and MTK brought a new dimension to the world game.

After winning the Olympic Games soccer championship in Helsinki in 1952, the Kocsis-Hidegkuti-Puskas team went on to establish themselves as the acknowledged masters of Europe and indeed the world. In 1953 they triumphed 6-3 against England at Wembley where no foreign visitors had ever won before and they followed this a few months later with a resounding 7-1 victory against England in Budapest. Then, with the world at their feet and everyone prepared to bow to them things suddenly went awry during the 1954 World Cup.

Hungary accounted for Brazil before going on to win 4-2 (after extra time) against Uruguay in a semi-final that has gone down in history as a classic match that had everything. Then in the final, two goals up early on, the Hungarians became perhaps rather complacent and the hard-working West Germans were allowed to get back into the game and finally win 3-2. For Hungary, this was to be their only defeat in five glorious years and perhaps the biggest tragedy of all time.

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FEYENOORD STILL LEAD IN HOLLAND

FEYENOORD—current Dutch champions—had a three-point lead over Ajax at the top of the premier division in Holland after seven games. The Rotterdammers had a maximum 14 points, netting 16 goals with only two against.

Their lead stretched when Ajax had to be satisfied with hanging on to a 1-1 draw away to PSV in Eindhoven. PSV were in control when Johan Devrindt left the Ajax defence stunned with a headed goal just before half-time. It was only Dick van Dijk's sixth sense, which constantly sees him in the right place at the right time, that gave Ajax an easy equaliser after a disastrous PSV defensive muddle.

Sparta were hard on Ajax's heels, just one point behind and with a better goal average. Then came NEC, followed by FC Den Haag, the team that faces Wolverhampton in the second round of the EUFA Cup. FC Den Haag, by the way, are a merger of ADO, the premier division side of last season, and Holland Sport of the first division.

Goalless

In the first division Eindhoven, leaders since the beginning of the season, slipped with a goalless draw away to Volewijckers, and Haarlem went to the top on goal average.

The three European cups brought satisfactory results for the Dutch—Feyenoord, Ajax, Sparta and FC Den Haag all through—and a problem for Feyenoord trainer, Ernst Happel. Against Cypriot champions, Olympiakos Nicosia, the Dutchmen won with an aggregate 17-0. But Happel said afterwards the second leg had given him a headache ... getting his players enthusiastic after the 8-0 first game.

"When you know you are going to win with big figures it is not an easy task to get them sufficiently keyed up. I had to tell them they had a duty to the public," he said. Before 40,000 Rotterdammers, Feyenoord did their duty nine times.

Shamateurism has hit the headlines in Holland where the oldest practice in Dutch football has at last stirred the Koninklijke Nederlandse Voetbal Bond, the Dutch FA.

The KNVB have dropped from a great height on top Dutch amateurs (shamateurs) OVVO of Amsterdam and declared their intention to investigate the whole amateur scene.

OVVO were suspected of paying players some months ago and an investigation followed. Trainer Ger van Maurik, ex-international and Ajax star, had his trainer's licence taken away for two years and ex-chairman Jonas and secretary Janssen were banned from the sport for one year. Two players were placed on the professional list. Van Maurik and the officials have appealed.

To be fair to the KNVB, the shamateurism here is difficult to prove. Players are being paid and everyone knows it but no one is prepared to point the finger, perhaps because the accused might turn accuser.

Public secret

And in most cases payment is not directly from the club but from enthusiastic "supporters". In the OVVO affair the KNVB has ordered the club to bar one J. de Groot—the sugar daddy—from the club fields for life.

Eddie Hartmann, manager of FC Den Haag, who knows the amateur scene well, said: "I think shamateurism is a public secret. I know it, the KNVB knows it, but who's to prove it.

"The solution is to make an independent division where the clubs can pay if they feel like it or not pay if they don't feel like it.

"Don't forget paying is often out of necessity. In Germany amateurs get 400 guilders. No wonder players living near the border cross it to play. What is the Dutch club supposed to do about that? Sit back and watch?

"The KNVB should face the reality of the situation instead of sticking to the old Olympic principles," he said.

Dirk Nijs, former player, top referee and Holland Sport manager, pointed the finger at big businessmen supporters. "They're the ones who are spoiling it today," he said.

Amateurs had been paid since 1919, he claimed, and it was a practice particularly prevalent in the depression of the '30s. But it had always been hard to prove. "Like cases where a top player suddenly moved to a small village. An investigation would show nothing because it was never the club who paid, but some crazy supporter," said Nijs.

Eight equals

I SPOKE to Peter Osgood immediately following Chelsea's record European defeat of the Luxembourg side Jeunesse Hautcharage in the European Cup Winners Cup.

Ossie had just scored five of his team's 13 goals, and these coupled with his hat-trick in the first leg meant that he had equalled the individual European goalscoring record.

However, Osgood was not that pleased, as he had managed to score "only" five!

"You see," he told me, "I had made a bet with Peter Bonetti that I would score six, so Peter picked up an extra fiver for all the work he had to do that evening! So you can imagine I was not too overjoyed with only scoring five!"

Obviously Peter Osgood is not a man to make rash predictions, and I know that from having spoken to him well before the match he was really intent on breaking the European individual goalscoring record, even though as Osgood himself put it: "This match is basically only just a canter for us, although we were all impressed in Luxembourg by the way their players stuck to their job, and accepted the 8-0 thrashing with real dignity."

Higher class

We all know that Peter Osgood has his critics, and will undoubtedly continue to do so in the future. But I think we all agree that there are not many other forwards in Europe today with so much goalscoring flair. Even though he has helped his side to smash the European record, he realises only too well that in future rounds of the Cup Winners Cup he will be up against teams of a much higher class.

"I feel that it is about time I scored goals more consistently again, just as I did in fact during the 1969-70 season. You see I hardly ever begin a season with a real bang, I tend to build up my goal-getting output as the months go by.

"I appreciate that on paper my record so far this season looks exceptionally good. But let's be realistic about it. At the time of writing my tally for Chelsea is 12—but eight of these were scored in our matches with Jeunesse. My aim therefore is to try

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Peter Osgood in action against Coventry City.

and utilise my goalscoring exploits against Jeunesse as a kind of launching-pad for the rest of the season."

But can such easy opponents as the Luxembourg side really help a striker to improve his game?

PETER OSGOOD talks to Gregory Tesser

"Well, frankly I think it can," Ossie replied. "My view has always been that no matter how inferior on paper the opposition may appear, to score three goals or more in an important European Cup-tie is just what the doctor ordered as far as I am concerned. After all it does prove to you that you can score goals. And sometimes playing in the First Division regularly makes you think you'll never score many!"

I suppose all of us know by now that European competitive football is based almost entirely on a defensive concept, which obviously creates a mountain of problems for strikers such as Osgood. Yet, although aged only 24, he has had enough European experience to know that with enough guile and skill a way can always be found through even the toughest defence.

Negative

"Yes, that's perfectly true. You know I get fed up with people who are perpetually blaming negative tactics for the lack of goals. In my opinion if a forward has enough of a soccer brain to match his ability with the ball near the box, then there should always be goals—even in a really tight European Cup away leg.

"After all, guys like George Best and our own Charlie Cooke, with their own unique brand of artistry, are players who can always break down even the most uncompromising of defences."

Are you saying in fact that the only way to counter packed defences is by placing a great deal more emphasis on the old-fashioned skills of the game such as dribbling and being able to body-swerve?

"Yes, you've hit the nail right on the head! I have always believed football to be a game of skill. In other words being able to do something with the ball as opposed to simply booting the ball for safety, something we see too much of today.

Runners

"Of course you have got to have your runners. But that does not mean football SHOULD be for the runners only. Real Madrid and the Brazilian national team have proved that vision is what makes soccer tick, and I agree with this."

Many of you are probably thinking that some of Peter Osgood's ideas about football are old-fashioned. Maybe they are, but after all has attacking flair prevented Brazil from dominating world football?

Peter Osgood shoots towards the Derby goal during a First Division match at Stamford Bridge which ended 1–1.

WORLD SOCCER EXCLUSIVE

Sir Alf Ramsey

in an interview with

Arthur Rotmi

England yet to prove themse

AWAY from the hustling and bustling hordes of reporters and outside the pressures of either preparing or the winding up of a match, Sir Alf Ramsey projects a fascinating personality. The boss of England's national side is certainly not as difficult or unapproachable as some have portrayed him in the past. In an exclusive interview, "Person to person", I recently discussed with Sir Alf his plans, problems and ideas.

The man who has done more for the prestige of English football than anyone else, is now quietly forging his schemes to win the European Nations Championship. Only such a triumph would—I feel—be big enough for this perfectionist to erase the bitter memory of that Sunday afternoon last year, in June, when England surrendered a two-goal lead to West Germany and crashed out of the World Cup. A European title would also give him and his men a tremendous psychological boost for the subsequent qualifying battles for the finals of the next world championship in 1974.

Few managers are confronted with such problems as Sir Alf faces in England. An overcrowded fixture list, the top players invariably engaged in lucrative international club competitions, the risks of injury during a still fiercely contested league programme—all these often prevent the national chief from arranging even brief training stints or instructional courses, such as are common before vital matches in many European countries.

Frequently Sir Alf doesn't know till the day or so prior to the game which of his candidates are fit or indeed available. Nevertheless, for a boss of a successful side, as England have proved despite the blemish of Mexico, life must be easier than for a great number of his colleagues.

Sir Alf picks his words carefully and deliberately almost like a lawyer. He represents, what before the advent of the present wayward society used to be regarded as an example of a typical Englishman. Unruffled and phlegmatic, equally self-composed in triumph (1966) as in failure (1970). But then, even as a player Ramsey was not known for undue haste—in fact he often appeared to be painfully slow.

Regular

Alfred Ernest Ramsey was born on January 22, 1920, at Dagenham, near London. He began his active career during the war in 1942 with Southampton. After regular football was restored in 1945, he remained there until May 1949, before being transferred to Tottenham Hotspur, then also in the Second Division, for £21,000. The following season the Spurs gained promotion and a year later they were champions.

During an era when most British defenders cleared their lines by indiscriminately banging the ball upfield, Ramsey, at right full-back, was outstanding with his constructive build-up and precise passing. In 1948, he earned the first of his 32 caps against Switzerland, who were beaten at Highbury 6-0. He was also a feared penalty expert and, in fact, saved England's unbeaten record against foreign sides with a spot kick in the last minute for a 4-4 draw with a Rest of Europe team in 1953. But only five weeks later even another Ramsey penalty was not enough, as England were demolished by Hungary 3-6. It was also his last international.

Ramsey served his managerial apprenticeship with Ipswich (1955–63) whom he led to promotion and the following year to the League championship of 1962. Shortly after Ipswich had been eliminated from the European Cup by AC Milan, Ramsey left the club to become England's national manager.

His début could not have been more disastrous: On February 27, 1963, England crashed to France by 2-5 in Paris and thus failed to survive her first ever hurdle in the European Nations Cup. (At home the score was 1.1.) Until 1965 Ramsey was, in his own words, "not happy with the results of my work."

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TERRY COOPER

GORDON BANKS

GEOFF HURST

The turning point came with England's unexpected 2-0 victory over Spain in Madrid, when the wingless 4-3-3 system was really launched. But the critics were not yet convinced. In February, 1966, barely five months before his ultimate triumph, England laboured to a 1-0 win against a largely experimental German XI at Wembley and most of the experts condemned Ramsey's tactics.

The *Daily Mail*'s fine columnist J. L. Manning headed his article with this choice description: "Trash, for fools only." (!) There is little doubt that Ramsey was the most criticised manager in England's long soccer history. But in July nearly all his censors had to eat their words as the "wingless wonders" grabbed the coveted Jules Rimet trophy. Ramsey had arrived and soon after he was knighted to become Sir Alf.

Motives

Today his fame is world wide and he no longer needs to expound his motives, or justify tactics or even elucidate bad results. For practically four years he remained almost beyond reproach—until "that Cup" was lost on Sunday in the heat of Leon. But on his return Sir Alf was quite unrepentant: "I would have repeated everything, the selection, the tactics and changes; we have nothing to learn from others," he was quoted as saying.

The European Championship, which England has never won, has now become his prime objective. But patterns have changed dramatically in Europe. Once upon a time there were just a few countries for England to worry about, now there are merely a handful which could be termed "easy". Thus Ramsey has had to learn to respect almost every opponent.

I asked him what he thought of the Swiss: "I was most impressed when I saw them. They were much better organised than in 1966 and they have some fine players. Their team could well rise above themselves and should prove difficult to beat," he replied. But when pressed for a prediction on the outcome, he said: "I am optimistic enough to say that we shall win." Shades of pre-1966, when he insisted that his team would win the World Cup!

Sir Alf's face carries a gentle, slightly enigmatic and almost fixed smile, one associates with a successful accountant whose books are usually well balanced. This expression rarely deserts him, even in face of such an uncomfortable question as: The England team have been accused of being dull and cautious. Is this true?

Defensive

Ramsey: "We haven't got the goal-scorers we would like, but we are not defensive. In every match we create plenty of chances, but unfortunately they are not always taken."

The story of missed chances is, of course, the oldest excuse in football, but can it serve as an explanation for some recent insipid displays, I wonder. The permanent smile wavered briefly when I asked: Would you be satisfied with a draw in the away match at Basle?

The answer bounced back quicker than any other: "No, we never play for a draw, but always to win." His expression projects optimism and he appears to have an unshakable belief in his principles and his players. There is little doubt that without his guidance, dedication and inspiration, England would not have won the 1966 World Cup.

Other than because of injuries, does the team pick itself—will the same XI which defeated Scotland in the last game by 3-1, be automatically selected?

Sir Alf: "No, no one has a guaranteed place in my team. I select the players according to current form."

I was one of the first journalists to tackle him on the subject of the current disciplinary "clean-up". The answer: "The latest measures can and will benefit football as a whole. Players will have to learn that they cannot run through their opponents, or simply chop them down but must try to win the ball cleanly."

But what about the men often described as "destroyers" in the England side?

Sir Alf: "We have played in all parts of the world and our players are used to different interpretation of the rules."

Do you pick a particular system and then the men to fit it, or select the men first who have to adapt to your method?

"My aim is to get the maximum out of every individual player. I choose the men and then decide upon the system which suits them best."

Do you foresee a return to attacking football? The smile appears quizzical with this answer: "I don't accept that football has become defensive. Certainly, there is a lack of qualified players who can make a difference to the current standards of play. But patterns change and today soccer has become more scientific and much better organised and therefore it is now harder to score goals."

Impression

Are England now better than in 1966? The rather surprising reply is: "No, but the 1970 team were better than the winners of 1966—except they didn't achieve the expected results. Today's squad have yet to prove themselves."

The impression is that of a stern, demanding, but thoroughly efficient task-master. I want to know which countries Sir Alf rates as the strongest and who he fears most in the battles for supremacy in Europe. "West Germany, Italy and as outsiders Yugoslavia. But Russia and possibly Hungary are also to be reckoned with."

Finally, I ask him: Would you rank England among these countries? *Ramsey:* "I hope—I should like to think that we belong to the top nations."

He said that with a fixed smile....

— by ERIC BATTY

REFEREES MUST NOT RELENT

AFTER two months of the 1971–72 season and its attendant clean-up campaign there are distinct signs that the enthusiasm of the referees is beginning to wear out. Already it is clear from the numbers of players cautioned and from observation of league and cup matches that clubs and players are beginning to accept the new standards of discipline. But equally and far more alarming, there are also clear indications that many referees are beginning to run out of enthusiasm.

It would be misleading to suggest that the Football League initiative has not created a new climate. But though the number of cautions increased significantly and for a while, at least, players began to behave and to play in a manner that a reasonable man could expect, there is no increase to be seen in the number of penalty kicks being awarded nor in the number of players being sent off.

This could, of course, mean that the new approach to foul play and misconduct has almost entirely eliminated offences that would bring such decisions, but observation suggests that this is not so. Indeed quite to the contrary, there seems to me to be just as many cases of serious foul play being overlooked as in past seasons. In my view this stems from the fact that the vast majority of the appointed referees are still not "looking for trouble" ... despite their new orders.

Tackle from behind

It is true that at least in Division I, the "tackle from behind" has all but disappeared and it is interesting that this particular type of foul tackle was pinpointed for the referees who were told that this must be particularly watched for and penalised. Showing dissent with decisions was another form of misconduct that figured prominently in the new directions received by the referees at their pre-season meetings. It seems to me that much of the discontent of the players stems from the variety of interpretations that different referees may place on particular incidents and this in turn raises the question of whether or not the standard of refereeing is high enough.

In my opinion the answer to this question must be negative. Indeed, if the referees had been doing their job properly over the past 15 years it would not have been necessary for a clean-up campaign to be launched at all. As I see it the root of the present dilemma lies in the past—at or around the period when the maximum wage clause (for players) was removed. From then on the game accelerated sharply in terms of pace and inevitably as tackling became quicker, it began to be increasingly difficult to determine what was, and what was not, a foul.

Professional image

Within a comparatively short time the player's status changed from being that of a £20 a week plus man, to that of £100 per week plus; but with hindsight we can now see that at a time when the players were casting off what was undoubtedly a part-time professional image ... the referee's position remained unchanged. Thus we now find ourselves in a position where we have (at least in the First Division) a very sophisticated standard of professional player—and referees who are in fact poorly paid part-timers.

Indeed, I am sure that the greater part of our referees are in fact men fired more with ambition to reach the top class rather than men who want to make money. I believe, too, that this has always been so and, further, that because the standard at the top was not very high it became quite possible for mediocre men to reach what was regarded as the TOP. At the same time, by placing an upper age limit on referees the system ensured that every year a given number of referees would HAVE TO BE PROMOTED regardless of whether or not their abilities merited that promotion.

There is nothing new in this, of course, for it has been common knowledge for years and it can hardly be denied that at any given time only a handful of officials were really up to the standards required or that these few were nearly always amongst that group closest to the upper age limit!

This suggests that while men may be born with an aptitude for playing or refereeing, mortal men need advice and encouragement in their early years (as do players) and then having reached a certain standard they need experience before they reach their maximum in terms of performance.

What we have seen thus far this season is, I believe, a bid by the authorities to stiffen the backbones of referees by ordering that they outlaw the tackle from behind; showing dissent with referees' decisions and one or two specifically mentioned forms of foul play and misconduct. Unfortunately it seems to me that after the first enthusiasm has begun to wear off, too many officials are coming to the view that the battle has been won and they are already beginning to show signs of relaxation.

Present campaign

What is needed now is reinforcements for the referees in a form that I would suggest should be double barrelled. First it should be announced that henceforth, referees (like the players) will be graded (and paid) according to ability. A pool of, say, 15 Grade A referees will be allocated to First Division matches and paid £100 per game. Grade B referees will be given Second Division appointments and paid, say, £60 per game, while officials in Divisions III and IV will receive, say, £40 and £30 per game.

At the same time, a further round of meetings for referees should be called at which a survey of what has been achieved thus far should be presented together with a warning about the rot that might set in, if the present campaign is not maintained. Individual officials should then receive advice about their control of matches based on the observations of the assessors and given the good news that with effect from January 1, 1972, applications from referees wishing to be considered for appointment to English First Division games will be accepted from any country in membership with UEFA.

Financial reward

The fees from that date would, of course, be in addition to expenses which would be paid as for Cup matches organised by UEFA. At one stroke referees would thus receive three quite separate incentives to improve their performances—advice and encouragement, plus a big financial reward and finally the knowledge that quite soon they could find themselves demoted, if they did not measure up to the standard required.

The clean-up campaign has given us all an idea of what can be achieved as a result of firm action. We must applaud that action and at the same time acknowledge that there are already indications that the campaign has lost its momentum and is in danger of losing its way. Vigorous action is still required to stamp out all abuses of the laws and to ensure that the new standards will not only be maintained but improved upon.

LUIS SUAREZ

talks to

NORMAN CUTLER

Retirement followed by managerial scholarship

LUIS SUAREZ, Spain's most talented football exile, the last of the country's really great players, is to retire when his contract with Sampdoria ends in the spring. Jimmy Greaves, Lew Yashin, Paco Gento . . . now Luis Suarez. They all seem to be going.

"I'm nearly 37 and realistic enough to know just how much one's body can do . . . all good things in this life have to end so I'm giving up while I still have my form, skill and respect. I'm just not going to be a prima donna, staging half a dozen retirements and comebacks. My intention is to make this season a good one, then leave it all to the younger players."

The former Barcelona and Inter-Milan super inside-right . . . still modest and as retiring as ever . . . gave me this news when we met at "his" restaurant in Barcelona just before the Italian League season started. He was on a whirlwind trip from Genoa, having broken training with Sampdoria's permission, to collect his car. It had broken down while he was driving to Barcelona after holidaying with his parents in Coruña during the summer. Luis had to leave it at Lerida and hire a car to reach Barcelona docks in time to catch the liner *Canguro* for Genoa.

Managerial

His future is securely taken care of by the various investments he has made during his playing career in Spain and Italy . . . it's a newspaper pastime guessing how much this retiring, but shrewd, personality has tucked away. Suarez says "Sufficient".

But when he finishes playing? "A managerial post. I've passed various coaching courses and already am a qualified second team manager-coach. The final national course—senior category—I shall take during the winter.

I reminded him of the insecurity and worry associated with management. But he smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said: "In the past it was said that a good player never became a good manager. Di Stefano, Puskas, Kubala and Muñoz proved that to be a silly fable . . . I'm looking forward to joining them and becoming as successful as they. (All are successful in spite of being the everlasting targets for egoistic critics. But the continual baiting is already affecting the first three. Muñoz is never ruffled.)

Suarez went on: "No . . . not in Spain, I'm starting in Italy. I've had several playing and managerial offers from Spanish clubs, but after ten years my life is very much tied up in Italy. My family are with me and have settled down happily. I want to start my managerial adventure in a field I know intimately. If I can adjust myself, I may find there are opportunities I can't resist in Spain."

(It will be recalled that the great Inter-Milan president, Angelo Moratti, once said: "Luis Suarez would make a perfect manager . . ." and planned to utilise his player's technical genius, inspiration and vast knowledge. He encouraged Suarez to sit for the various coaching courses with the idea of appointing him to Inter's technical staff when his playing career ended. But when Fraizzoli became president the idea, as far as Inter was concerned, naturally fell through.)

Retirement

"My home town club [his first]—Coruña—asked me to join them for one season before retiring . . . a kind of farewell season in Spain. It was a thoughtful gesture. I would have liked that. But, although my heart said 'Yes' my head told me a quick clean break was the wisest course. I feel I've prolonged my retirement long enough," says Luis.

Last summer when Inter-Milan transferred Suarez to Sampdoria, completely behind his back (Suarez first heard from newspaper reports), there was every possibility that he would give up the game rather than move to another club. Luis had nothing against Sampdoria. "They have all my sympathy and respect," he said. But the comportment and machinations of the Inter-Milan president over the transfer infuriated even Luis Suarez. During a requested private interview Italian soccer's Quiet Man staggered even President Fraizzoli with his frank, firm, home truths . . . then with a light heart moved on to Genoa.

He says: "Sampdoria, modest and unambitious, is a grand club . . . one that makes its players feel like human beings.

I'm happy there . . . the only motive for leaving is that which I've explained. You just have to finish sometime and I'm quite definite that the end of this season is the time for me."

Luis paid tribute to the "Iron Sergeant", manager Heriberto Herrera. "He's a grand worker and will do a great deal for Sampdoria within the possibilities of the talent available. No club can achieve much success in Italian football unless it has limitless lira available.

"Heriberto had bad luck with Inter Milan. It was said his disciplinary methods upset and handicapped the side. That is ridiculous. The players were very much demoralised—furious in fact, long before the season started." (Suarez was referring to the player's "strike" over President Fraizzoli's revision of bonus payments.)

And so time is forcing yet another great player into retirement . . . and towards the most insecure job in the world, the hot seat of football management.

Away from the Football League, BRIAN GLANVILLE looks

IT'S A DIFFER WORLD AT C

IT was, amazingly, only a few years ago that Canterbury City travelled down to Swindon to play the Town in the FA Cup—the season Swindon beat Arsenal in the League Cup—and succumbed only to an 89th-minute penalty by Don Rogers. A couple of thousand Canterbury fans went down by special train. The gate for the following week's Southern League was about 500.

Today, alas, a 500 gate at Canterbury City is a rare thing indeed. When I watched them beat Bexley United in a Southern League Cup match, there were 144 spectators in the pleasant little ground, with willows drooping all around it, and a river at the back. To say that it was intimate, despite the speedway track which divides the crowd (if one may so term it) from the pitch, would be fair.

Bexley's solitary fan, a middle-aged man with grey hair, leaned over a crush barrier in front of the little stand and endlessly exhorted the linesman to "play the game". At the end, he turned out to be the passionately involved father of Chelsea's Alan Hudson, and Bexley's John Hudson, who plays outside-right. "I only come to see John," Mr. Hudson said, "just as when Chelsea play, I only watch Alan."

A week or two earlier, I had been present at a still more sparsely attended friendly against Gravesend and Northfleet; a goalless draw. On that occasion, one could enjoy the exchanges between Alf Ackerman, Gravesend's manager, a South African who once played centre-forward for Luton and Hull, and the crowd.

Vigorous

"Wrap it up!" shouts a man in the stand, as Ackerman protests about a decision. ("Have a word with him, ref! not *him*; the one on the floor!")

"Wrap up what?" asks Ackerman, turning round to answer him in his thick South African accent. "Your head? I couldn't find a bag big enough."

An 800 crowd would allow Canterbury City to break even, and to meet their wage bill of £70 a week. Last season it was considerably more, but under the newly appointed manager, Alf Bentley, who came in at the tail end of the season, there were Draconian reductions. Bentley, a vigorous, balding man in early middle age, slightly below middle height, yet once a Coventry City goalkeeper, makes no bones about why. Talking of last season's 197 average gate, he said: "Quite honestly, I think that was bloody good, because the crap they were seeing here.... People were coming here and paying their money and getting damn all for it. If I'm giving you £14 a week extra, it's buying you a home. All the players were doing was they were coming down Tuesday and Thursday and sitting on their arse. A professional will train on his own!"

So there was a great sweeping out and

Canterbury Town manager Alf Bentley.

sweeping away, a great bringing in of local talent. Bentley himself is a connoisseur of it. "He's a fanatic," as one of the officials said, "a youth fanatic." He comes from the mining, footballing Kent village of Aylesham, "where men are men," he says proudly, "and pansies are flowers!" So do several of his players. He still coaches a youth team there, and the supply of talent is abundant; partly, one of his young footballers wryly remarks, there is little else to do. George Curtis, the former Coventry then Aston Villa centre-half, is among the products of the village.

Fanatic

Bentley unashamedly drives his players; he had them training hard twice a week throughout the summer, but as an official remarks, "they'll do anything for him". "Nice fellow when he's asleep," they say, but pay wide-eyed tribute to him as a splendid talker.

By the time you read this, I imagine that two of his outstanding young protégés will have gone to League clubs. Tommy Horsfall, a 20-year-old winger with fine acceleration and lots of courage, had been on trial at Coventry, with whom Bentley still has a close connection, while the elegant 17-year-old full-back, David Wiltshire, had been on trial for two weeks with the Wolves. Bentley brought Horsfall with him from Folkestone, another Southern League club, where he had coached him in the youth side; it was a little strange that Folkestone should let him go, but then it is not only Southern League football which seems full of such anomalies. Wiltshire is the son of a Bristolian who was a good amateur footballer in his day, but preferred the family business to the modest rewards of professionalism.

Computers

Scouts were buzzing around them both. When one of them unwisely offered to "see Bentley right" if Horsfall came to his club, he was sent away with a flea in his ear. Certainly he had picked the wrong man. "Up at seven o'clock this morning," Bentley will say, at an evening match. "It's a hard life." A full one, certainly. He has his own motor-body business in Dover which he runs with the Gravesend centre-forward, and he coaches Canterbury for little more than his expenses. Nor does he stint himself; you will always find him up there on a Sunday, giving extra training to the first team, and coaching boys.

The club pay only a £5 annual rent to the Council for their ground, but it is the speedway, paying a £50 match fee which adds up to £1,500 a year, which is the salvation. The Supporters' Club does what it can, but there are too few supporters for it to be very much, and the vital £40 a week comes from a pool run by the Improvement Fund. The Stadium Trust has trustees nominated by the Council. Among these is Mr. Alf Woodcock, who not long ago received his 25-year-service medal from the Southern League, and has been chairman of the club. The position is now occupied by a large Birmingham man, "an ardent Villa fan", called Mr. Victor Heslop who, far from being the usual wealthy local

looks at the plight of a Southern League team

FFERENT SORT OF AT CANTERBURY

businessman one finds in such positions in the League, is a foreman carpenter with the Council.

Sometimes, he remarks sadly, he wonders whether he has thrown his life's work away. I don't think he has, but it must be easy to grow pessimistic, when crowds are so small, and salvation, in the shape of a new supporters' club, dances in the distance like a will o' the wisp. True, the army hut which has been bought for the purpose stands there, but the lavatories can't be put in, and work is at a standstill till someone agrees to guarantee a £2,000 loan promised by Watneys.

Among the players is Ray Ellam, a big, heavy centre-half, once a centre-forward, whose brother is the Huddersfield Town stopper. He once played for Bradford City, then Margate brought him down south to play and gave him a job in a bakery. He still has it, but now he is playing for Canterbury.

Peter Pryor, the captain *off* the field (there is also a captain on it) is a pleasant, good looking, blond young man who, as Bentley will proudly tell you, earns £2,500 a year in Folkestone, working on computers. There was also a last season's Cambridge Blue, Tom McGing, a locally born inside-forward; and thereby hangs a tale.

With the evening match against Bexley due to begin in half an hour, Bentley stood anxiously watching the entrance, waiting for McGing to arrive. For some reason, and without explanation, at the time, he never did. The consequence was that the trainer, Mike Buxall, had to play, damaged knee and all.

Canterbury have had their days of glory. Once upon a time, as the secretary of the Supporters' Club, Cyril Dunk, nostalgically recalls, they would line up the coaches to take them to away games. There would even be a special train coming down from Faversham for a reserve match. But today, as he says, it is only too easy to dash up to London for a First Division game or, if the weather be bad, to wait and watch one on the television.

It is thus hard to see Canterbury's position improving; historical realities are so much against them. But they deserve to do more than uneasily survive, and they have a manager who should really be doing something greater.

Veteran Scot Laurie Thomson (10) scores for Canterbury in a recent FA Cup match against Chatham Town.

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER
by
Arthur Rotmil

Muller to leave Bayern?

GERD MÜLLER remains in the news but now unhappily on account of his dissatisfaction with Bayern Munich, whom he has served so well for seven years. It appears that outsiders have whispered in Gerd's ear some details of the allegedly fabulous salary his club-mate Beckenbauer is being paid and this prompted Müller to seek clarification with the board of directors.

Meanwhile it transpired that Hertha Berlin have been in touch with Müller for some time now, and are prepared to smash all German transfer records (which, incidentally, by comparison with those of England or Italy are really quite modest), in order to get this lethal striker. Müller's contract with Bayern has until 1973 to run and Bayern's president Wilhelm Neudecker is reported as saying that he would not sell Müller even for 2 million D. Marks (approx. £235,000)!

Strange that Hertha are once again the centre of a controversial behind-the-scenes intrigue, since they have figured prominently in the recent corruption scandal. Their story is that Müller approached them first!

The DFB court has now dealt with the appeals of the men sentenced in the first instance and announced the following modified verdicts: The Hertha players Tasso Wild (previously banned for life) and Bernd Patzke (previously ten-year-ban), will be suspended till 1.7.1973. Lothar Ulsass (Brunswick — previously one-year ban) is barred till 1.1.1972. Two of the three members of Offenbach's board have had their sentences reduced. But there was no mercy for their former president, H. G. Canellas, nor for Cologne's 'keeper, Manfred Manglitz—both remained banned from German football for life. Offenbach will still not be allowed to return to the *Bundesliga* before 1972–73.

Ambitious

In the *Bundesliga* the young and ambitious Schalke team were still surprisingly leading the way after eight matches had been played. This is, of course, one of the most famous clubs in this country and although they have never won the *Bundesliga*, it claims no fewer than seven titles of champions of Germany (1934, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1940, 1942 and 1958). Their president, Günther Siebert, was a member of their last champion side of the '50s.

Under their new manager, the former Yugoslav international Ivica Horvat (45), the team built around the internationals Reinhard Libuda and Klaus Fichtel have astonished even their most ardent followers with their brilliant displays. The current leading scorers in the League are both Schalke's men: Klaus Scheer with six goals and Klaus Fischer who has hit five.

Scheer has caused a sensation when hitting five goals in Schalke's 6-2 triumph over Cologne. And this 20-year-old only came in as a striker because Fischer was injured. Scheer is only the fourth *Bundesliga* player to score five in a match. Before him only Karl-Heinz Thielen (Cologne—1963), Rudi Brunnenmeier (1860 Munich—1965) and Franz Brungs (Nürnberg — 1967) achieved a "fiver".

Domestic

Second placed Bayern have entered into so many commitments that their team appeared jaded already, before the season was even a month old! Too many overseas tours in the middle of a full domestic as well as European Cup engagements could cost the Bavarians dearly.

Next in line were the defending champs Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach whose brilliant defender Berti Vogts has just been voted "Footballer of the Year". He reached a total of 225 votes, while Beckenbauer (154) and Netzer (133), Overath (28) and Müller (16) had been left far behind. Vogts can boast this incredible series of 209 consecutive *Bundesliga* appearances, plus 39 successive internationals!

Rolf Russmann of Schalke 04 is sent off after swearing to the referee . . . who had awarded a penalty against Schalke.

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from NORMAN CUTLER

SPAIN GETS TOUGH

SPAIN'S Disciplinary Committee made history with the first of their "Clean Up Football" verdicts. They took steps that even England's FA haven't yet dared to take ... severely sanctioning a manager and his club for the misdeeds of their players.

The club involved screamed injustice ... discrimination ... partiality. But they had no excuse. Before the season opened the Federation advised every club, association and newspaper of their intention. They made their determination very clear, without resorting to England's fireside chats.

Sanctions

They quoted the regulations they intended to bring against, not only players, but managers and clubs as well. They pointed out the sanctions and explained the interpretation. This warning was repeated twice by the Disciplinary Committee itself ... and given wide publicity. Most officials and clubs merely sniggered "They wouldn't dare". How wrong they were! Now, of course, they feel hard done by.

The history-making case involved Second Division club, Real Mallorca, hardly an example of the best in Spanish football. They were leading Ferrol 1-0 when referee Perez Quinto awarded a penalty to their opponents. The Mallorca players exploded and behaved like madmen. They surrounded, jostled and screamed at the referee ... ignoring completely the Federation's warning and reminder that only the captain is allowed to approach the official in charge.

Protested

Chus Pereda (formerly Real Madrid and Barcelona), who was captain that day, eventually rescued the referee ... and officially protested. What Pereda said is not known, but it must have been strong for Pereda is hardly a diplomat (he was booked and fined five times last season). Anyway, he was firmly ordered off.

Four days later, after the weekly meeting, the Eight Just Men of the Disciplinary Committee announced their verdict ... four Mallorca players were fined for protesting ... and Pereda was *suspended for eight matches* for his "violent attitude to the referee".

But that was not all. Argentine-born manager of Mallorca, Juan Carlos Forneris (who never left his manager's box) was suspended from football for two months and the Mallorca club fined the maximum under regulation 112 ... both for "the collective bad conduct of their players".

There were many cynical critics who said the committee would never have imposed similar measures on a "fashionable" club. But they did ... at the very same meeting.

Dangerous

Anton, Valencia's international half-back, had been booked for gesticulatory protests against the referee's decision during the match with Gijon ... and half-back Juan Sol had his name taken for dangerous play. The committee suspended Anton for four matches ... and Sol for one. (*Dangerous play a lesser crime than protesting?*)

Valencia's president, D. Julio de Miguel, appealed against the Anton decision and pointed out that the player was an international. (*So what? Does that excuse or exempt a player who rarely accepts a reverse decision?*) ... that it was the club's responsibility to sanction Anton for his gestures of protest. (*What with, a finger wagging?*) The president maintained there should have been no booking because the player's gestures were intuitive reaction (*what nonsense*) ... that the "get tough" warning was for publicity purposes (*Now he knows it wasn't*) ... and insisted that the maximum punishment should not have been imposed for a first offence. (*Don Julio knows that Anton spends half of every game protesting ... or did.*)

The Federation's measures are beginning to bite ... much sooner than expected. "Watch it ... no protesting" is already a part of those magical, mysterious last-minute dressing-room talks.

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URUGUAY IS TROUBLE-SPOT

URUGUAY

APART from political upheavals, Uruguay is South America's trouble spot soccer-wise also at the moment. The month under review saw a threatened strike by referees after one of their number, Carlos Iguini, had been attacked by furious Danubio fans when their club lost 1-0 to Bella Vista who scored from a doubtful penalty. Also the players, if they haven't directly refused to play yet, have, in some cases, refused to turn up for training while the clubs owe them several month's wages.

All First Division clubs are in a serious financial plight—the two big Montevideo clubs, Nacional and Peñarol, more so because their wages bill is so much bigger. To keep their heads above water, Nacional and Peñarol got special permission from their FA to go on tour during the season—Peñarol went to Europe—but the tours were not a financial success.

On top of it, the cancellation of their games versus European Cup winners, Ajax, for the Inter-Continental Cup, has also been a severe blow, financially, to Nacional.

League players are still up in arms against the new law instituting dope tests after games. One way or another, Uruguayan fans never know whether the next league games will be played or not, but they have plenty to talk about. For the first time a small club, Liverpool, are really threatening to carry off the title. Going into the second half of the season, they still lead the table, while Nacional and Peñarol, the habitual winners, are five points behind, and, what is more significant, dropping points with alarming regularity.

Even the most ardent Nacional and Peñarol fans, who between them form the great majority of Uruguayan football followers, are secretly rooting for little Liverpool to win the title—just for a change.

Placings: (1) Liverpool 21 pts., (2) Danubio 19, (3) Bella Vista 18, (4) Peñarol, Nacional 16, (6) Huracan Buceo 14, (7) Defensor, Sudamerica 12, (9) Cerro, River Plate 10, (11) Central 9, (12) Racing 8.

BRAZIL

Giving way to strong criticism from fans and press, as well as at least one State Governor, the Brazilian Sports Confederation (CBD) has decided to change a very unpopular rule (described in WORLD SOCCER previously) by means of which clubs could enter the National Championship and qualify for its final stages through obtaining good gates, regardless of their success on the field.

This gives the advantage to Rio de Janeiro clubs who often—as this year, for example—are not in leading places. Under the new rule, the top six, on points, from each group will enter the final pool.

Standings after the first round, with clubs in each group having played each other once, are:

Tostao of Brazil.

Group "A": (1) Cruzeiro (Bello Horizonte), Corinthinas (San Paulo) 13, (3) Palmeiras (San Paulo), Santa Cruz 10, (5) Vasco da Gama (Rio), Internacional (Porto Alegre) 9, (7) Curitiba 8 (8) Portuguesa (San Paulo) 7, (9) Sport Clube Ceara 6, (10) Fluminense (Rio) 4.

Group "B": (1) Gremio (Porto Alegre), Botafogo (Rio) 13, (3) Atletico (Minas Gerais) 12, (4) America (Rio) 10, (5) Santos 9, (6) Flamengo (Rio) 8, (7) America (Minas Gerais), San Paulo, Sport Recife, Bahia 6.

ARGENTINA

In **Argentina**, the Metropolitan Championship (the former First Division) is reaching the final stages and it looks as if Velez Sarsfield—the least erratic of the half-dozen clubs fighting it out at the top—will take the title, but last year's champions, Independiente), are well placed also. Velez Sarsfield (71 goals in 32 games) have overtaken San Lorenzo in the scoring department and their defence is sounder, while their insider, Bianchi, league top scorer with 33 goals, is scoring more goals than any player has done for a long time.

Two clubs will be relegated, but it looks as if Estudiantes de La Plata (whose soccer is even more horrible to watch now that they are fighting relegation by trying to end each game as they start it, 0-0, by playing as little soccer as possible during the 90 minutes) will escape. The other 17 clubs go into the National Championship due to start in October.

Standings

Standings: (1) Velez Sarsfield (32 games) 45 points, (2) Independiente (31) 42, San Lorenzo (33) 42, (4) Chacarita Juniors (31) 40, Newell's Old Boys de Rosario (32) 40, (6) River Plate (32) 38, (7) Ferrocarril Oeste (32), Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata (32), Huracan (32) 33, (10) Boca Juniors (32) 32, (11) Racing Club (32) 29, (12) Rosario Central (31), Colon de Santa Fe (33) 28, (14) Banfield (33) 26, (15) Atlanta (32), Argentinos Juniors (32) 25, (17) Los Andes (32) 24, (18) Estudiantes de La Plata (30) 23, (19) Platense (32) 20.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

Facing camera, River Plate's defender, Laraignee (white shirt) and Independiente half-back, Pastoriza (dark shirt), two of the outstanding players in the Argentine Metropolitan Championship this season.

CHILE

CHILE (First Division): (1) Colo-Colo 24; (2) La Serena, Deportivo Concepción 23; (4) O'Higgins, San Felipe, Universidad de Chile 22; (7) Universidad Catolica 20; (8) Lota Schwager, Union Calera 19; (10) Antofagasta, Rangers, Union Española 18; (13) Wanderers 15; (14) Everton, Huachipato 14; (16) Magallanes 13; (17) Audax-Italiano 11.

PERU

PERU (First Division): (1) Universitario 23; (2) Sporting Cristal 22; (3) Deportivo Municipal, Mariano Melgar 19; (5) Juan Aurich 16; (6) Alianza Lima, Defensores Lima, Sport Boys 14; (9) Atletico Torino, Defensores Arica 13; (11) Octavio Espinoza, Union Tumán 10; (13) José Galvez, ADO, Carlos Manucci 9; (16) Porvenir Miraflores 6.

BOLIVIA

BOLIVIA (National Championship): (1) The Strongest 13; (2) Bolivar, Municipal 10; (4) Ferroviario 9; (5) Litoral, Mariscal Santa Cruz 8; (7) 31 de Octubre 5; (8) San Jose 4.

COLOMBIA

COLOMBIA (First Division — Finishing Tournament): (1) Once Caldas 15; (2) Santa Fe 12; (3) Nacional 11; (4) Cucuta, America de Cali, Deportivo Cali, Millionarios de Bogotá 10; (8) Deportivo Quindio 9; (9) Union Magdalena 8; (10) Oro Negro, Tolima, Junior 7; (13) Cartajena 5; (14) Pereira 4.

ECUADOR

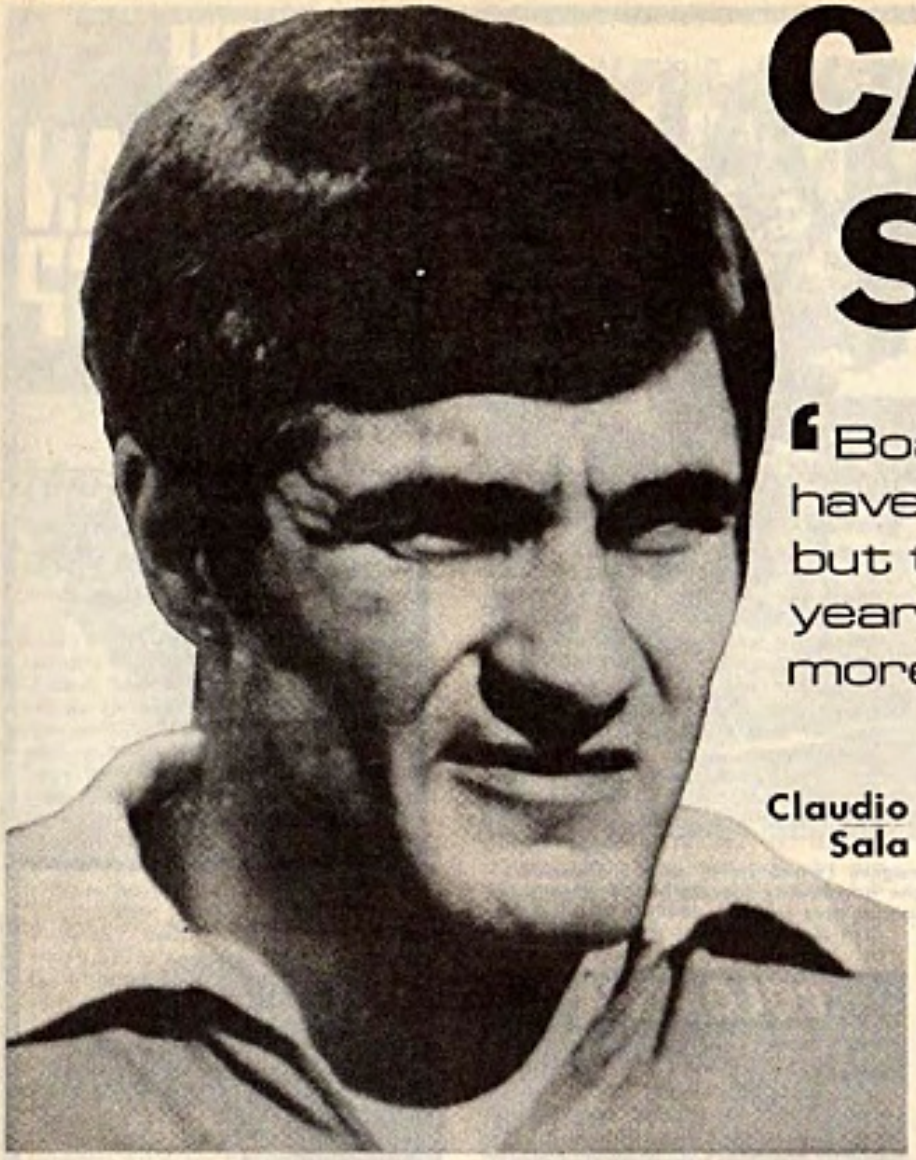
ECUADOR (National Championship—final pool): (1) Nacional 4; (2) America, Barcelona, Emelec 3; (5) Dep. Cuenca 2; (6) Liga Deportiva Universitaria Quito 1; (7) Union Portoviejo, Universidad Catolica 0.

VENEZUELA

VENEZUELA (Liga Mayor): (1) Deportivo Italia 36; (2) Valencia 35; (3) Deportivo Galicia 28; (4) Tiquire-Aragua 27; (5) Union Canarias 26; (6) Anzoategui 23; (7) Deportivo Portugues 16; (8) Lara FC 9. (With only three games to go, Italia and Valencia are already assured of first two places and a place in next year's South American Club Championship.)

Sandsval of Uruguay.

CAN TH SUPER



Claudio Sala

'Boardroom changes have been frequent but the last three years have produced more stability'

LIVING down a glorious past is often difficult enough but trying to forget a tragedy can be just as much of a problem. Manchester United emerged from the ashes of the Munich air disaster to gain fresh triumph and win greater popularity. But the Superga air crash in 1949 acted differently for Torino.

There was one very good reason for this. They achieved virtually no success after the incident. It could not have come at a worse time. The total annihilation of the playing strength of the club had an obvious effect.

Returning from a charity match in Portugal the plane carrying the Torino team crashed into a hillside outside Turin. Seventeen players lost their lives in the disaster together with officials and pressmen and with it the last chapter was closed on one volume of the club's history at least.

At the time Torino were poised for their fifth successive championship and were four points ahead of the rest of the League. Torino were proclaimed champions even though they were still four matches short of their programme. In the event they had to turn out their juniors in these remaining matches.

Actually when the warring armies battled over the country in 1944 a subsidiary competition had been organised and Torino finished second in this.

Thereafter, it was struggle all the way. Fifth place was achieved in 1956–57 but it was not the start of better things. Rather the reverse. For a club which had flirted with a variety of names in their formative years and were derived from the two oldest clubs in Italy before Football Club Torino was founded in December 1906, one association ended in demotion. They became Talmone-Torino sponsored by a biscuit firm. Alas the effort crumbled into pieces and in 1958–59 they finished 17th and were relegated to *Serie B*.

Emulated

Torino came back in the next season to win the Second Division championship but third place in 1964–65 was the best they managed. An Italian Cup win in 1968 was emulated in 1971 and at least made the start of the current season a busy one for the club.

The long-winded sounding but short competition Anglo-Italian League Cup Winners Cup provided opposition from Tottenham Hotspur. Because the Italian Cup has been organised on a League basis, the winners of the Football League Cup have had a reason to enter Europe!

Unhappily this came to nothing, too, though there was better fortune in the European Cup Winners Cup. Limerick may not have been the strongest of tests but at least Torino were given a useful boost to their hopes on the Continent. The club's best previous season in Europe came in 1964–65 when they were third in the table and reached the semi-final of the Cup Winners Cup, losing to Munich 1860 after a marathon three matches.

Torino's burly manager Gustavo Giagnoni looks as though he would be more at home at Twickenham but he was secured after making his name by taking Mantova from the Third Division to the First.

Promotion

By far his most prized possession is Giovanni Toschi (26), whom he brought from his former club. Toschi, a speedy, clever winger, was signed in an exchange deal during the close season after helping the club to promotion. He started in *Serie D* with Lucchese and then had three seasons with Reggiana.

His stock soared when he hit a hat-trick against Limerick in the 4-0 second leg win in the Cup Winners Cup and he is already been talked about as a second Luigi Riva.

Skipper Giorgio Ferrini (32) comes from Trieste and joined the club in 1959 from Varese. He has now completed some 400 appearances to become the club's record holder and has gained seven caps for Italy. In the 1962 World Cup he played against Germany and in the infamous game with Chile. As a consistent midfield player he has few mentors.

EY LAY THE RGA GHOSTS?

Focus on Torino FC by JACK ROLLIN

Most of the other members of the senior pool are on the young side, however. A decade ago a similar policy of introducing youth failed to bring any success though two of the newcomers those days were Joe Baker and Denis Law who stayed but briefly in the Land of the Lira.

Boardroom changes have been frequent but at least the last three years have produced more stability — clearly the result of better fortune on the field.

Converted

Although he is only in his second season with the club goalkeeper Luciano Castellini is 26. He spent five years with Monza in *Serie B* but has already shown the ability to make the senior grade. Right-back Marino Lombardo (21) was a member of the Italian Under-21 team which toured England two years ago. He began his career with the club as a forward but was successfully converted to full-back because of his defensive inclinations. His partner Natalino Fossati is 27 and apart from spending the 1963–64 campaign with Genoa on loan, he has been a Torino player all his career after graduating from the club's youth squad.

Stopper Luciano Zecchini is only 22 and like Lombardo and some other Torino colleagues was in England in 1969 with the Italian Under-21s. Strong in the air and on the ground he ably fits the bill in the key defensive role. He has been with Torino two seasons and was formerly with Brescia, Prato and Forli.

Invaluable

Angelo Cereser has been around Turin for close on 10 years after two seasons with San Dona but had to wait until 1965 for his début. Originally he was a midfield player. Since being switched to sweeper he has become another invaluable performer in the club's defence.

Another product of the club's youth policy is midfield man Aldo Agroppi (27). He made his initial appearances in 1967 after a season each with Ternana and Potenza and is noted for his flair acting as a perfect balance between the strength of the defence and the striking power of the attack.

Sandro Crivelli was introduced three years ago and after spending 1969–70 on loan to Pisa he has been staking a claim for a regular place since then. At 23 he is a promising prospect.

Centre-forward Gianni Bui is a gentleman from Verona. He was signed in 1970 from that part of the country and has impressed as a striker both in heading and shooting ability. At 30 he has been around quite a bit—Cirio, Lazio, Pisa, Spal, Bologna and Catanzaro, too.

Like goalkeeper Castellini, Claudio Sala was previously with Monza. He won Under-23 honours for Italy and after a spell with Napoli joined Torino in the 1968–69 season. He has gained a reputation as a versatile forward.

Reserve goalkeeper Franco Sattolo is 35 and had five seasons with Sampdoria and earlier spells with Ivrea and Sambenedettese before joining Torino in 1966–67. Third choice custodian is Gian Nicola Pinotti (24), formerly of Piacenza, Foggia and Monza.

Celebrated

Right-back Roberto Mozzini only celebrated his 20th birthday in October but has already won Under-21 honours and first came under the Torino wing when he was a 16-year-old. He was previously with Reggiana.

Rosario Rampanti has never forgotten watching Denis Law. He was only 11 at the time but now 11 years later he has tried to model his style on the Manchester United player. Rampanti was in the Italian Olympic side which toured England in 1967. In 1969–70 he was on loan to Pisa, too.

Paolino Pulici is 21 and has played for the Italian Under-23 team. He is a striker who can operate in any attacking position. Fast and with a strong finish he is one of the young hopes for the new-look Torino side. He came in 1967 from Legnano.

Livio Luppi (23) can also play in attack while half-backs Mario Barbaresi and Giorgio Puia complete the squad. Luppi is in his second season but for a young man has had some considerable experience with Mirandolese (at 15) Messina and Empoli.

The tall, greying Puia is 33 and has over 350 First Division appearances in the Italian League. He has seven full caps and was signed from Lanerossi Vicenza in 1963–64. Before that he was with Triestina. Sadly the senior days of this veteran stopper are fading.

So Torino stand with new hope and probably with more justification of such ambition for the first time since 1949. Perhaps they can at last lay the ghosts of Superga.

Hoffman killed in blaze

TRAGEDY struck at an Eindhoven hotel where the East German team, Chemie Halle, were staying prior to their second first-round UEFA Cup game with PSV.

In a terrible blaze early on September 28, 12 people perished, including reserve player Wolfgang Hoffman, aged 21. Badly injured were 31-year-old Klaus Urbanczyk, 51 times capped, and Erhard Mosert (20). Several other players were injured to a lesser degree.

The Germans behaved heroically during the blaze. Schmidt, Urbanczyk and reserve 'keeper Volker Jany stayed on the second, third and fourth floors as long as they could to wake and help other guests.

Anxious colleagues outside had given them up as dead after three head counts when they suddenly leapt through a window 16 feet up on to an adjoining roof.

Urbanczyk was badly cut, breaking glass to help people escape from the inferno. Once outside he was rushed to hospital, where he was given a blood transfusion and an emergency operation was performed. Erhard Mosert, a young midfield player, broke his leg jumping from a third-floor window.

SHUN OKANO (Japan team manager) in an intervi

Experienced defe disappointed on t

OUR 1971 trip to Europe was of great importance in the development of Japanese soccer and if there were many experiences and features of our play which pleased me I must also admit that other things left me disappointed. Perhaps the most pleasant surprises were the ease with which we were able to create good scoring chances (though not all were accepted) and the very, very encouraging performances of some of our younger and less experienced players.

In particular I feel I must mention two of our youngest players who did surprisingly well—Ashikaga and Nagai. On the debit side were the errors in defence and most surprisingly those made by some of our most experienced players. Many of the goals we conceded were actually scored by Japanese defenders forced into errors under pressure and more stemmed from basic, almost unbelievable mistakes.

Overall I would say that I was satisfied with the attack and the younger players but disappointed with the defence and in particular with some of our most experienced players like Ogi, Katayama, Yamaguchi and Sugiyama. Ogi, centre-half and captain, played in Europe before and is a veteran of the Tokyo and Mexico Olympics and all told he must have played more than 100 games both in Japan and abroad against foreign opposition. We never attempted to restrain him from expressing his ability and at times he moved up well and did good things but as boss and chief organiser in the defence he was too often caught out of position. Too often, after moving up into mid-field, he exchanged short passes with other defenders and one misplaced pass lost the ball and he was caught in trouble. His first priority was in defence, talking, organising, encouraging and covering.

Left-back Yamaguchi was also particularly weak at providing cover when necessary. To be fair, however, having made these criticisms of defenders it must be recognised that in England particularly it was the speed of the game that disturbed everyone in defence. In normal circumstances defenders have two things to think about—how to protect their goal and win the ball (which normally demands 90% of their thought and concentration) and the other 10% should be spent on looking about and deciding what to do with the ball when they win it. Particularly in England against better, quicker and stronger teams the defenders needed 100% concentration for pure defence and this inevitably led them into difficulties.

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Temperament and talents

In our games against English teams the opposition proved to be pretty well what I had expected. Every football country has its own style of play, its own strengths and weaknesses. We in Japan came seeking not only experience for our players but ideas that will enable us to develop a style of play that will be suitable for the Japanese character, temperament and talents.

For example, many people think the traditional Japanese dexterity to be important. It is true that we have unusually dexterous fingers—eating with chopsticks over the centuries has brought this about and our people are very good at making tiny, fragile things for export. But soccer demands a different kind of dexterity because the game is played with the feet and not the fingers. What we must do is to steal the best ideas from around the world and adapt them to our talents and capabilities.

In my opinion the best Japanese qualities to build on are agility, speed off the mark and discipline while our biggest weaknesses compared with the leading football countries are in the fields of ball control, anticipation and reading the game.

One big factor in our favour, however, is the enormous and still growing enthusiasm for the game. Ten years ago hardly anyone watched the game as spectators and when the national team played they usually lost. Even five years ago, defeat for our national team aroused no reaction but now if we lose to a foreign team I get quite a lot of phone calls from complaining fans and the newspaper critics.

This underlines the growing popularity of soccer which is developing at such a pace that it is more like an explosion than an expansion. Around 35% of all young boys now play the game (as well as some girls). I get quite a lot of letters from fans and many of them are from girls around 16 or 17. This is pleasing, too, because they will become mothers and almost certainly encourage their sons to play!

interview with ERIC BATTY

efenders n tour

One of our greatest problems has been the smaller stature of the Japanese as compared with Europeans. But this problem is being overcome. Higher living standards have led to a better balanced diet and through western influence our youngsters are getting more milk, butter and cheese—and not so much rice. The result is that the young Japanese are steadily getting taller and stronger.

Competitive game

We left England the day after the first league games and on the opening day of the season we saw the Arsenal-Chelsea First Division game. For myself this provided many surprises —not least the referee's interpretation of the laws of the game. I must say that in all our games in England the referees were very good but because this was a competitive game I expected that the referee would be even better and more strict. Like a film director the referee has real power but in this game the official never asserted himself. The laws tell us quite clearly that kicking an opponent intentionally as well as trying to kick are fouls but looking at this game a stranger like me was forced to assume that in England they don't have this law about kicking, pushing, etc.

Travelling around the world with the Japanese team we have often met South American teams. Talking with their players I had heard that they always experience difficulties when playing in Europe and particularly in England. "There," I was told repeatedly, "they have different rules."

Having heard these things so often I thought there must be something in it but I could not believe it to be entirely true. Now, after seeing that Arsenal-Chelsea game I am convinced. The FIFA laws about foul play are very simple and easy to understand but how the referees apply the law *in the game* is very important and not so easy. I can understand that the English fans like a strong, manly approach to the game and have become accustomed to tough football. As I see it the English referees have applied the laws to suit the needs of the game in their own local conditions but and this is a very big BUT . . . football is a world game and all referees must have the same interpretations of the laws and in my opinion it is the English that are out of step with the rest of the world.

Physical contact

The game itself provided many surprises. I expected much more from the game and Chelsea in particular were a disappointment. There were, however, three very good goals—specially the third one scored by Radford. My first impression, and this I retained right to the end and even after the match, was that there was far too much physical contact. If the Japanese played like that then I am sure that at least half the players would be unfit to play in the next match!

I was, however, very impressed by the fitness of the players, specially Armstrong of Arsenal. Graham also looked a very good player. He had been a striker when I saw him play in Japan two years ago and at that time I didn't form a very high opinion of him. But against Chelsea he played in midfield and his distribution was really marvellous.

Mr. Shun-Ichiro Okano, team manager of the Japanese international squad. (Photo: Soccer Magazine, Tokyo.)

Both teams—all the players—were much better than Japanese in terms of skill, agility, speed, stamina . . . everything. But especially their skill and agility. We couldn't play like that—it would be quite impossible, for the English game is in a different dimension entirely. If we want to beat the English national XI we will need at least 20 years and a great deal of very hard work from everyone associated with the game in Japan.

Professional coaches

Right now we have only three professional coaches employed by the Japanese FA and clearly our future depends on time, dedication and money. Amateurs cannot be expected—as players or coaches—to bring our game up to the highest world standards. Our players are amateurs and as such they must consider the future. Of course they travel abroad and become famous in Japan but they must also consider their future and that of their families. Certainly the players have good jobs but if they dedicate themselves to soccer they will suffer in the long run by comparison with colleagues (work-mates) who put their job first and study, etc.

For myself I have been fortunate. I own a little shop in the centre of Tokyo and my wife and parents have taken care of the business while I have spent much of the last ten years for football. I have never regretted my choice but I emphasise that I have been in a fortunate position. In these ten years I have averaged four months per year abroad for football and another four months of hectic work in the Japanese domestic scene. On average I have spent perhaps 100 days per year at home and one personal little story illustrates what it costs the keen amateur, whether he be player or coach. Early this year when preparing to leave home for a training camp with the national squad in Japan my six-year-old daughter came to me and said: "Goodbye, please come to see us again soon."

Journey into Europe was a waste of time

ONCE again the journey into Europe proved to be a waste of time, and more important money, for Irish League clubs. All three clubs—Linfield in the European Cup, Distillery in the European Cup Winners Cup and Glentoran in the EUFA Cup—failed to get through the first rounds against Standard Liege, Barcelona and Eintracht Brunswick. And their failure, which was, I suppose, inevitable, brought the usual "why bother" brigade to the fore with their ill-chosen suggestions that in future local sides should turn their back on the big time.

It's an idea I don't subscribe to. As Jimmy McAlinden, manager of Distillery, told me when we viewed the magnificent 92,000-capacity, all-seated Barcelona stadium: "It's great to touch, even briefly, the fringes of the big time. It lets the lads see what it's really all about."

Record

Quite simply, Irish League clubs must continue to compete against the cream of Europe, must be a part of the overall picture. To cut ourselves off from these major competitions, however hard it hits our pockets, would be fatal. We cannot simply play out our lives in the confines of the domestic scene—and, after all, our record, for part-timers, isn't really all that bad. Glentoran, Linfield and Distillery in the past have all contributed much to the European scene. Ask Manchester City, Arsenal, Glasgow Rangers and Benfica!

When you see a set-up like that of Barcelona you begin to realise that football in Northern Ireland hasn't even started. And it's not the fault of the players. Rather I blame the "what we have we hold" officials of the IFA and IFL whose "don't rock the boat" attitude to anything revolutionary has strangled football here. Some of the ideas clubs like Barcelona take for granted—their own weekly magazine, staggering facilities and full-time staff—would frighten the wits out of some of our so-called soccer leaders.

Situation

So we must keep on competing and hope, in spite of some of our local administrators and their small-minded thinking, that the situation improves enough to allow us to do it on something like equal terms. Hurry the day!

One of the "Europeans" has been going through hell lately so it was no great surprise that they suffered the heaviest defeat of the three. The club in question is Glentoran, once the pride of the League in Europe, who travelled to Brunswick without their coach because he couldn't get off work and who is, anyway, only a stop-gap manager until the directors decide to sort themselves out and appoint one.

Supporters of the Oval side have been complaining since the departure of manager Peter McParland that not enough was being done by the board to find a replacement. The directors, for their part, seemed content to let things slide ... the while saying that they wait for the right man. And yet the supporters know, as only supporters can, that action is needed immediately. Kieran Dowd is, apparently, not the man for the job, either because he doesn't want it or because the board want a bigger name ... either way it's not a very satisfactory arrangement with the League race getting under full sail.

By the time you read this Glentoran could have got their man ... all I'll say is that it wasn't before time if they have and why not if they haven't.

Hooligans

Derry City joined Distillery as a nomadic club towards the end of September after hooligans had attacked the Ballymena United coach and burned it during a game at Brandywell. The incident, on top of others which had reduced City's ground to something of a "war zone", forced club officials to abandon the city for good and take to the road ... playing all their games as away fixtures.

Distillery have now arranged to share Seaview with Crusaders, a small club who unlike some of their bigger colleagues were prepared to help out until the Whites found themselves a permanent home, but City have still to settle down.

Last month I said that Terry Neill would find it hard to justify his own selection in the Northern Ireland side that met Russia in a European Nations Cup game in Moscow. He did select himself and gave away the penalty that saw the Soviets come out on top ... and he brought a storm of criticism down on his head for upsetting what had been, in the Home International Championship, an attractive side. His reasons, on the grounds of experience, just didn't wash with me for he committed soccer's greatest sin: he changed a winning team and left out a striker who has never let the side down.

I'm still trying to figure out why Neill, as manager of the national side, opted for the dropping of Bryan Hamilton of Ipswich Town and for his own inclusion. I can't help thinking all the wrong things, that Neill is too proud to admit that he isn't an automatic choice for a green shirt any more, so I can only hope that his experience in Moscow has taught him a lesson. Enough, as they say, is enough!

George Best missed Northern Ireland's match with Russia . . . which ended 1–1.

GOOD STUFF FROM TERRY

by LESLIE VERNON

THE unimaginative cover, the incomprehensible title and the unlikely partnership of Terry Venables and Gordon Williams as authors, filled me with foreboding when I picked up the "football novel", *"They Used To Play On Grass" (Hodder and Stoughton, £1.90).*

But a quote from Puskas on page one softened my resistance, and by page 20 I was hooked and could hardly put the book down to stop for a hurried meal or to answer the telephone.

The authors use the Glanville technique of creating a fictitious team and playing them against a real one—in this case it is the "Commoners" of London v. Glasgow Rangers in the semi-final of the "British Cup". The match itself is the thrilling climax of a novel which takes the reader beyond the façade of big-time football with a sure touch.

Unless one is intimately involved with a club, one cannot even hope to fully understand the mechanics of the game, or as the book puts it, "it is a secret conspiracy which takes place in full view of a million, unseeing eyes". But at the same time, the man in the street says, "football is our magic. It's our culture and our history, our theatre—it's even our version of nationality."

Judgement

This is great stuff, and the authors cover every facet of the game with the same unerring judgement and insight. A reserve player says: "Nothing lasts long in football—a bad mood, a grudge, a career."

The Scottish fanatic who thinks that Home Rule is a biased referee. The fitness test, where the player tries to kid the coach and himself, that everything is OK. The dressing-room chat, the dull routine, the unending practical jokes, the boredom, and later, the unbearable tension before an important match.

Activities

Who are these idols of our imagination? Ordinary blokes who "like the idea of bunce money, but the game is the solid all-demanding truth in their lives, and all fringe activities, however lucrative, are a chance for a giggle".

The novel is set in the not-too-distant future for no other reason than that Terry could propose some trite reforms, such as artificial pitches, an all-Britain Cup, ex-player referees, etc. There are a few stock-characters, cliches, and an unnecessary sentimental ending. But this is very good football fiction—what a pity that Stanley Matthews and Somerset Maugham never got together!

Hajduk Split under the influence!

YUGOSLAVIA champions, Hajduk Split, "The Rebels", were bottom of the League when they travelled to Valencia for their European Cup encounter. They'd lost three games in a row and fans were almost in revolt. Questioned, manager Slavko Lusitica just laughed and said: "Our only interest at the moment is the European Cup, we'll look after the League later." (Shades of Panathinaikos. Glory one year, oblivion the next.)

Anyway, president Tito Kirigin and his directors were alarmed ... so much so they called in a Polish psychiatrist, Professor Rotkiewicz. Seems last season he inspired a 4-3 triumph against Partizan after Hajduk were 3-0 down at half-time!

The professor travelled with the side to Valencia and before Hajduk left their hotel for the game "vitalised" the basic players ... the German-born captain, Dragan Holcer, leading goalscorer Pero Nadoveza, 21-year-old star Jurica Jerkovoc, and the former Zagreb winger, Ivan Pavlica. None of this was kept secret although all the professor would say about his "supernatural powers" was ... "I just look and talk to them."

The "fluence" — whatever it was — worked as far as centre-half Holcer was concerned. He was terrific. But the forwards wandered around all evening as though in a dream. It was those the professor didn't inspire who frustrated the Spanish champions by forcing a goal-less draw. The bank vault defence ... Djoni, Holcer, Hlevnjak, Boljat and Biljan ... was out of this world!

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WELSH NEWS

By PETER JACKSON

ENTRY INTO EUROPEAN CUP IS SOUGHT

THE European Cup kicked off this season with the League champions of every UEFA member country bar Wales. Frozen out of the world's leading club competition since its inception in the mid-'50s the Welsh FA is aiming to have a club in the event within the next two seasons.

"I believe UEFA are ready to open the door and let us in," says Trevor Morris, the man who managed the three Football League clubs in South Wales before succeeding Herbert Powell as secretary of the Welsh FA in August 1970.

Morris bases his sudden optimism on the declared aim of establishing the first National Welsh League. And a sub-committee has been at work now for three months exploring the idea of uniting the Principality's top clubs instead of continuing with their regional Leagues.

Sympathetic

"We can take no pride from the fact that we are the only UEFA member country who does not have a club in the European Cup," says Morris. "But we now have a good case to put forward and UEFA will give us a sympathetic hearing."

The National League proposal is for 16 or 18 of the most successful clubs in Wales to compete on a home-away basis. But its creation poses obvious snags.

Clubs such as Merthyr Town and Barry Town will be invited—and accepted only provided each withdraws from the Southern League. A similar sacrifice would have to be made by Bangor City who compete in the Northern Premier League and by Rhyl in the Cheshire County League.

And what, therefore, is to happen with the country's four Football League clubs—Cardiff City, Swansea City, Wrexham and Newport County?

To ask each to withdraw from the Football League to compete in a National Welsh League would be rather like backing a three-legged horse to win the Derby. It just couldn't happen.

The point at issue here is that UEFA has objected to Welsh participation in the European Cup because the top Welsh clubs have taken part in the Football League.

"It would be too absurd for words to ask the Football League clubs to withdraw and come into the National Welsh League," says Morris. "The Football League clubs can rest assured that nothing whatever will be done which would in any way impair their position in the Football League.

"We in Wales could never hope to give them the same sort of intense competition they get from playing in the Football League.

Circumstances

"But I do not think their absence will stop us from getting into the European Cup. I am mindful of the difficulties but there are extenuating circumstances."

Most progressive clubs in Wales welcome the promise of a National League. "Quite apart from the wonderful reward of competing in the European Cup, a National League would offer us what we all need most—a change of scenery," said a secretary of one leading South Wales club. "But until the new League is formed we must go on playing the same old teams with the same old faces. It can get you down."

Under 23 team is improved

FIVE years ago the Welsh Under-23 team was in such an alarming state of disarray that there seemed little point in continuing matches with such powerful opposition as England and Scotland.

Time, they say, is a great healer. And as far as Wales are concerned the healing has worked wonders. Far from quitting the domestic Under-23 scene, the Welsh have overcome their embarrassment and have gone a long way in recent seasons to rubbing out the inferiority complex left almost indelibly by huge defeats in 1966 (England won 8-0 at Molineux, Scotland 6-0 at Wrexham).

This season should push the recovery still further. For already a new crop of potential Under-23s have emerged—new names for selectors to consider for the January matches against England, at Swindon, and against Scotland, at Aberdeen.

Leighton James, the left-winger who has won a much more regular place in Burnley's side this season, was a member of the Welsh Youth team which competed in Czechoslovakia during the European finals last May.

Eligible

He is 18. So is Mick Barry, as Yorkshire as they come but eligible for Welsh duty under the recently amended rule because his father was born at Newport.

Barry is an inside-forward with First Division Huddersfield. There, team manager Ian Greaves has given him a recommendation for Welsh duty.

Other "new" Under-23 probables are Swansea striker Glenn Davies, Cardiff goal-poacher John Parsons and Keith Edwards, a back-four player introduced to First Division football by Leeds in September.

Statistics can sometimes mean nothing. It was no consolation to Cardiff City that they should create a new all-time scoring record for the Cup Winners Cup on one of their saddest nights in Europe.

Brian Clark's goal in the first round second leg tie against Dynamo Berlin at Ninian Park hoisted Cardiff's total in the tournament to 53, one more than Atletico Madrid. Before the night was out, Dynamo had won 5-4 on penalties to reach the second round.

FOUR YEAR CONTRACTS

Simeonev of Bulgaria.

BEFORE the start of the 1971–72 campaign in Bulgaria, the FA introduced several innovations, including a boost for Division I clubs from 16 to 18 teams. With GSK Slavia and Lokomotive, the two Sofia clubs forced to amalgamate by an FA decision 18 months ago splitting up once again, this left an extra place, and relegated Tchernomorez of Bourgas were saved from at least one season in Division II.

Another FA ruling lays down a new relationship between players and clubs. All new contracts must be for at least four years; no player can sign for more than three clubs in the top two Divisions throughout his career and minimum training periods have been laid down. In the pre-season period players must train at least 26 hours per week and during the season they must train at least 16 hours per week!

Neighbours

The 1970–71 FA Cup Final, postponed because of the accidental death of Levski star Asparoukhov, was played early in the new campaign. Levski, runners-up to Sofia neighbours CSKA in last season's championship, were comfortable winners over Lokomotive Plovdiv by 3-0.

Their Cup success seems to have inspired the Levski squad for they won their first four games in a row with a goals total of 14 to 1. Lokomotive Plovdiv then took a minor revenge for their Cup Final defeat by holding a point (1-1) in Plovdiv but after six games Levski were clear leaders, having dropped only one point.

In second place are the reigning champions CSKA (won four, drawn two), who recovered some of their bite with a 6-1 win over Marek. Third and fourth places in the table are occupied by the promoted clubs Beroe (from Stara Zagora) level on the 10-point mark with CSKA and GSK Spartak Varna with one point less.

Goalscorers

At the bottom of the table Akademik Sofia share the three-point mark with Spartak Pleven, while Cup Finalists Lokomotive Plovdiv are only one point better off. Petar Jekov, prince of the European goalscorers three years ago, scored twice against Marek to boost his tally to six, but last season's top scorer, Dimiter Yakimov, has been completely overshadowed by international left-winger Dinko Dermendiev, who has hit nine goals for Trakia. Bogomilov (Cernomore) is in second place with seven, followed by Jekov.

Slovak clubs dominate

PLAYING two games a week in Czechoslovakia, one third of the league programme has been completed in two months, and though Dukla have improved considerably over last season's meagre performances it is still the Slovak clubs that dominate. Despite the return of coach Anton Malatinsky from Austria, Spartak Trnava got off to a poor start and after five games they occupied last place in the table with only three points. Since then, however, they have zoomed up to fifth place, leaving Trencin, Inter-Bratislava and Sparta Prague at the bottom.

Sparta pulled in 22,600 for their home match with Teplica but were held to a 0-0 draw and four days later they crashed 2-1 away to Slavia in the big Prague derby. This was the 177th meeting between the two old giants and with neither team outstanding Sparta officials intervened to dismiss coach Karel Kolsky. Within a few days Inter had sacked 1970 World Cup boss Josef Marko, former Sparta star Tadeus Kraus replacing Kolsky and Inter's former international wing-half Titus Bubernik taking over from Marko. The Sports Ministry are expected to hold an enquiry for not long ago their *new deal* package included an order that coaches could not be removed until their contracts had expired.

Recruits

Much improved VSS Kosice have maintained their promise of last season and currently lead the field with 17 points from ten matches and a goals tally of 19 to 5. Slovan Bratislava are only one point away with Dukla holding third place, three points from the leaders.

Eight players completed their tour of service during the summer but the new recruits seem to suit the Army club's needs far better. They include Zdenek Nehoda, centre-forward from relegated Gottwaldov, and Jozef Moder (Lokomotive Kosice). Often the poor outsiders in the public eye, Dukla pulled in an impressive 25,600 crowd for the visit of champions Spartak Trnava and won comfortably 3-0 but in their next home game they crashed 0-2 against Slovan Bratislava.

The national team appears to be much improved under former Dukla star Ladislav Novak. Away to East Germany in an early season friendly the Czechs were good value for a 1-1 draw. Only a lack of finishing power prevented them from gaining a good win.

CORRUPTION IN ISRAEL

AFTER the scandal in West Germany, another story of corruption that has reduced football in Israel to chaos. For the start of the league season has already been postponed for a month, and three players suspended for life, with the entire Israeli FA Committee threatening to resign.

At the end of last season an FA Commission found that eight players of the Second Division club, Maccabi Ramat-Amidar, were guilty of receiving bribes from a pools syndicate that had fixed several of their matches against weaker sides. But the Israeli government, under pressure from the Tel Aviv Press, decided to conduct their own investigation into the charges. They found that although Maccabi were indeed guilty, but that the FA itself was also implicated, and that the whole structure of Israeli football was riddled with corruption.

Syndicate

The Government enquiry, under Judge Moshe Etzioni, established that six members of the Israeli FA Committee, on the Executive since at least 1962, had been receiving a share of the profits made by the gambling syndicate. One of the six was a member of the Betting Committee supposed to supervise the pools, and at the same time a partner in the private company running them! In fact, he was so involved in the business that he was also an official of one of the major clubs receiving revenue from pools, and one of the two men who decided which matches would be the pools fixtures!

The enquiry heard testimony that so-called amateur players had received up to £130 a month in illegal salaries and bonuses, and that many leading clubs and players were implicated in attempts to fix matches. The Israeli international goalkeeper, Yosef Sorinov, was accused of fixing several Second Division matches which had appeared on the pools fixtures.

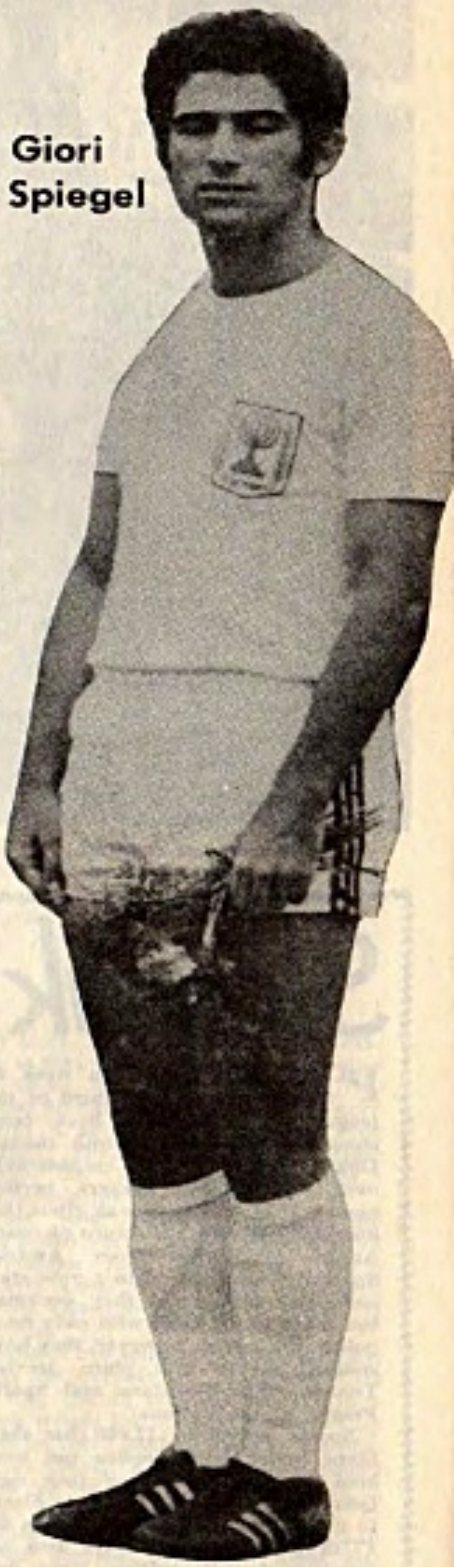
Reprisals

Where players refused to accept bribes, the gamblers became gangsters, threatening reprisals. In one instance a First Division club failed to turn up for a match because their players had been threatened with violence if they did. And one of the best-known players in Israel, Giora Spiegel had to change his telephone number five times in a month because of repeated anonymous calls saying that he would be killed if he did not fall in with the syndicate.

Committee

The findings of the enquiry have been studied by the Minister of Sport, Yigal Allon, who has already announced several drastic measures to stamp out further corruption. In the first place the FA President will in future be appointed by the government, instead of by the FA Executive Committee. And the Committee itself will be forced by law to hold elections and change its members at least every three years.

In future no member of the Committee, or indeed anyone connected with the Israeli FA, will be allowed to sit on the Betting Committee—which from now on will be made up of civil servants only. And the Minister also recommended that Israel's under-the-counter professionalism should be brought out into the open—"this is the only way," he said, "to end this scandal once and for all."



Giori Spiegel

ON TOP OF OLD EVEREST

A FEW months ago I reported on the first International to be played in Antarctica, between "Argentina" and "Chile". The Argentinians have now achieved another spectacular feat—the first on Mount Everest: Argentina 3, Nepal 0. The match was held on an open space outside the Thyangboche Monastery, 13,000 feet up, where members of the Argentinian Everest Expedition and their Sherpa Guides made up two football teams. But there is no truth in the rumour that a mountaineer called Antonio Rattin pushed the Nepalese goalkeeper over the edge.

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

Illegal bonuses scandal

MEANWHILE in Moscow the Russian FA, sitting in private, has severely censured the president of the Chernomorets Club, fined him several hundred pounds, and warned that any further misconduct will result in expulsion from the Russian League.

Chernomorets would probably have been forcibly relegated had not their dismal performance last year resulted in them dropping from the First to the Second Division in any case—the effect, perhaps, of the luxury afforded their players, that became the subject of the FA's investigation.

Apparently eight members of the team received illegal bonuses ranging from £800 to £1,200 from a Black Sea shipping company in the local port of Odessa, in return for active help in promoting goods. The team as a whole were alleged to have been given £23,000 for similar help from nearby Ilyichovsky. Chernomorets' president did so well out of the deal that he had a special stadium built for the team as well as a plush training camp complete with a sauna bath, garages for the players' cars, and apartments with rooms of "staggering luxury".

In addition the players were accused of living like playboys and holding "rowdy drinking parties in restaurants", in one instance reducing a local night-club to shambles.

But the scandal might never have come to light had not one of the players, full-back Viktor Lysenko, described as a "daredevil driver", used the club's influence to avoid a charge of causing death by dangerous driving. Lysenko ran down an army private and hit a lamp post, killing both the private and his front seat passenger, and seriously injuring the two girls they had with them in the back. The investigation was dropped after Lysenko had told the police that the dead man had been driving, but it was pressure from the Chernomorets club in high places that allowed Lysenko to escape.

According to *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the newspaper published by the Young Communist League, Lysenko had run down a pedestrian the previous year, and had escaped the consequences through similar influence behind the scenes.

Referee escapes—up a tree!

THE hazards of football in Brazil: in Recife the local club Onze Zoccer were losing to America de Piedade—so badly that their exasperated fans invaded the pitch and beat up all the players, many of whom were taken to hospital with fractures and concussion. The spectators also decided to vent their wrath on the referee, who escaped by climbing a tree, and managed to hold on until the police arrived.

In Rio one of Botafogo's players, Luis Claudio, got into an argument with a policeman outside a late-night restaurant at Copacabana in the early hours of the morning, apparently about the respective merits of Botafogo and Fluminese. The policeman drew his revolver and shot Claudio at point-blank range—breaking three ribs and touching his lung.

DUTCH FAN AVOIDS JAIL

THE spectator who knocked out the Irish linesman David Barrett with a beer-can at the European Cup Winners match between PSV Eindhoven and Real Madrid earlier in the year eventually managed to avoid going to jail. Originally he was sentenced to a fortnight behind bars "without the option", but the appeals court gave him a suspended sentence of three weeks' jail and bound him over to keep the peace for two years, as well as imposing a fine of nearly £60. The man, Jan Smulders, of Eindhoven, is reported to have become a teetotaller.

Portuguese Minister resolves dispute

PORTUGAL'S Minister of National Education, Professor Viega Simao, had to intervene personally to solve a bitter dispute that followed plans to reorganise domestic football. The FA President, Dr. Matos Correia, at one stage offered to resign after his Federation had been accused by leading clubs of passing drastic measures at the annual general meeting without giving delegates prior warning.

The AGM decided by 33 votes to 6 to increase the number of clubs in the First Division from 14 to 16, promoting the winners of Division II North and South, Beira Mar and Atletico, but allowing Leixoes and Varzim, the bottom two clubs, to stay up. They also decided to run the Portuguese Cup on a one-leg basis, like the FA Cup, instead of on the two-leg system used at present.

Unprofitable

The opposition to the plan came primarily from the leading clubs such as Benfica, Sporting Lisbon and CUF Setubal, who disliked the prospect of extra, unprofitable league fixtures (probably at the expense of lucrative international and friendlies) and were even more hostile to a "sudden death" cup system which could result in their elimination on the ground of some tiny provincial club.

But after weeks of wrangling the reforms have gone through, and despite all the efforts to remove him, Dr. Correia is still in his job.

Vorwarts move to Frankfurt

WITH Dynamo and FC Union now firmly established in Berlin, the DFV used their influence to persuade the Army club ASK Vorwarts to make their home in Frankfurt, East Germany's second city that has been without top class football for some years. The new club will be known as FC Vorwarts Frankfurt but practically all the old Vorwarts players remain with the new club.

Third time out Vorwarts took a point from champions and Cup winners Dynamo Dresden (0-0) but later results indicate that the double winners are considerably below their form of last season. Much of their difficulty stems from the loss of form suffered by their golden boy Hans-Jurgen Kreische.

So far Dynamo have averaged only one point per game to leave FC Carl Zeiss Jena with almost a clear field.

The national team suffered from Kreische's big step back and tourists Mexico were allowed to get away with a 1-1 draw from their visit to Leipzig. A 20,000 crowd saw Henning Frenzel—captain for the day to mark his record 51 caps—lead a struggling team that just managed a late equaliser through left-winger Lowe five minutes from time.

A few days later Czechoslovakia paid a visit to East Berlin, where Jurgen Croy of Zwicknu put on a fine show in goal. Croy and the Czechs' inability to turn promising approach play into goals, allowed the East Germans to avoid defeat once more.

Heavy going

The two newly promoted clubs are finding it heavy going in the top class and after five matches both Vorwarts Stralsund and FC Karl Marx Stadt are locked together at the bottom of the table. Vorwarts have scored only one goal for the loss of eight, while the only point they have earned came from a goal-less draw at home to Union Berlin.

Another club that could find themselves in difficulties is FC Chemie Halle, victims of the fire disaster in Eindhoven. Three weeks later Klaus Urbanczyk, captain of the E. German Olympics team in Tokyo (1964) was still in hospital seriously injured.

Manfred Walter—East German international.

Jurgen Croy.

PARTIZAN LEAD

YUGOSLAVIA champions Hajduk Split got off to a depressing start to the new season; beaten at home 3-0 by OFK Belgrade on the opening day of the season after being eliminated from the League Cup in the first round. After conceding six goals in two matches Hajduk somewhat fortunately beat Velez Mostar 3-1 at home after being eliminated from the European Cup by Valencia.

Worse was to follow, however, with three defeats in a row that virtually put paid to any hopes of retaining the championship in 1971–72: 1-0 against Olympija in Ljubljana, 3-2 at home to Vojvodina and 2-1 away to Zeljeznicar in Sarajevo.

While Hajduk's fortunes slumped, Partizan Belgrade were the early pace-makers with a very tight defence that gave away only three goals in the first six matches. Goalkeeper Kuzevic, signed from Radnicki Nis during the summer, was one of their stars during this period and had a particularly fine game when visiting his former club with the army team. Partizan, 1-0 winners in Nis, spent most of the game under considerable pressure.

The same story was repeated a week later at home to Celik, who somewhat surprisingly had carried off the Mitropa Cup in mid-week, beating Austria Salzbourg 3-1 in the final. In Belgrade, Celik scored a very good goal but conceded two penalties (stricter refereeing might well have resulted in more spot kicks) and Partizan made the most of their good fortune.

The Yugoslav referees have received "get tough" orders and judging by reports of the first few weeks they are badly needed. The result was a string of players sent off and cautioned and several players quite seriously injured.

The match between Maribor and Partizan provided one of the worst examples of modern Yugoslav football. After one clash a player from each side was sent off and later Partizan's Djordjevic was carried off with a broken leg to leave Partizan struggling to hold a point from a 1-1 draw with nine men.

Dallas win NASL title

THE Dallas Tornado, one time laughing stock of the soccer world after their ill-conceived world tour in 1967–68, are the new champions of the North American Soccer League.

by COLIN JOSE

After losing the first game in Atlanta by a score of 2-1, the Tornado came roaring back to win the second 4-1 in Dallas thereby setting the stage for the final game in Atlanta in the best of three series.

It is perhaps fitting that the championship should at this time go to Dallas for since that disastrous tour and the team's horrendous showing in the NASL in 1968, the club has made a notable contribution to the growth of the game in the State of Texas, and has been the backbone of the league.

In the first game of the finals Molnar gave Dallas the lead after 40 minutes only for Uriel to equalise for the Atlanta Chiefs 19 minutes from time. This forced the game into extra time and with the score still tied after the extra 30 minutes, sudden death overtime was played for the fourth time in this year's play-offs. After just three minutes it brought a result with Mickey Ash putting Boy-Boy Motaung through for the winner to give the Chiefs a one-game edge.

In the second game it was Atlanta who scored first with Henry Largie giving the Chiefs the lead one minute before the interval only for Phil Tinney to tie the game right on half-time. Eight minutes after the restart Dallas went ahead on a fine individual effort by Luis Juracy. Tony McLoughlin made it 3-1 six minutes later and Juracy added the fourth in the 76th minute.

This set the stage for the final which was watched by a poor crowd of around 2,000 and the winning goal by Mike Renshaw, the sole surviving member of the original team.

Congratulations are certainly in order to coach Ron Newman, who produced what I considered to be the best team in the NASL this season and certainly very worthy champions. The club had a settled and solid look to it throughout the season with Mirko Stojanovic in goal; Oroco, Dick Hall, John Best and Momcilo Gavric in the back four; Roy Turner and Ray Bloomfield in midfield and a forward line which consisted variously of Mike Renshaw, Bobby Moffatt, Tony McLoughlin, Luis Juracy, Phil Tinney and three other players who returned to Europe before the finals. Barry Rowan to Exeter City, Tommy Youlden to Portsmouth and Kirk Apostolidis who was transferred to PAOK Salonika and was the club's leading goalscorer at the time.

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England goalkeeper Gordon Banks saves from a Swiss forward during the recent European Championship match in Basle. England won 3–2.

European Championship

GROUP 1

Czechoslovakia 1, Finland 1
Rumania 3, Finland 0
Wales 0, Rumania 0
Wales 1, Czechoslovakia 3
Czechoslovakia 1, Rumania 0
Finland 0, Wales 1
Finland 0, Czechoslovakia 4
Wales 3, Finland 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Czechoslovakia	4	3	1	0	9	2	7
Rumania	4	2	1	1	7	1	5
Wales	4	2	1	1	5	3	5
Finland	6	0	1	5	1	14	1

GROUP 2

Norway 1, Hungary 3
France 3, Norway 1
Bulgaria 1, Norway 1
Hungary 1, France 1
Hungary 0, Bulgaria 3
Norway 1, Bulgaria 4
Norway 1, France 3
Hungary 2, Bulgaria 0
France 0, Hungary 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Hungary	5	3	1	1	8	5	7
Bulgaria	4	2	1	1	8	4	5
France	4	2	1	1	7	5	5
Norway	5	0	1	4	5	14	1

GROUP 3

Malta 1, Greece 1
Greece 0, Switzerland 1
Malta 0, Switzerland 2
Malta 0, England 1
Switzerland 5, Malta 0
England 3, Greece 0
England 5, Malta 0
Switzerland 1, Greece 0
Greece 2, Malta 0
Switzerland 2, England 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
England	4	4	0	0	12	2	8
Switzerland	5	4	0	1	11	4	8
Greece	5	1	1	3	3	6	3
Malta	6	0	1	5	2	16	1

GROUP 4

Spain 3, Northern Ireland 0
Cyprus 1, Russia 3
Cyprus 0, Northern Ireland 3
Northern Ireland 5, Cyprus 0
Cyprus 0, Spain 2
Russia 2, Spain 1
Russia 6, Cyprus 1
Northern Ireland 1, Russia 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Russia	5	4	1	0	13	4	9
N. Ireland	5	2	1	2	9	5	5
Spain	3	2	0	1	6	2	4
Cyprus	5	0	0	5	2	19	0

GROUP 5

Denmark 0, Portugal 1
Scotland 1, Denmark 0
Belgium 2, Denmark 0
Belgium 3, Scotland 0
Belgium 3, Portugal 0
Portugal 2, Scotland 0
Portugal 5, Denmark 0
Denmark 1, Belgium 2
Denmark 1, Scotland 0
Scotland 2, Portugal 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Belgium	4	4	0	0	10	1	8
Portugal	5	3	0	2	9	5	6
Scotland	5	2	0	3	3	7	4
Denmark	6	1	0	5	2	11	2

GROUP 6

Eire 1, Sweden 1
Sweden 1, Eire 0
Austria 1, Italy 2
Italy 3, Eire 0
Eire 1, Italy 2
Sweden 1, Austria 4
Eire 1, Austria 4
Sweden 0, Italy 0
Austria 0, Sweden 1
Austria 1, Sweden 0
Austria 6, Eire 0
Italy 3, Sweden 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Italy	5	4	1	0	10	2	9
Austria	5	3	0	2	10	4	6
Sweden	6	2	2	2	3	5	6
Eire	6	0	1	5	3	17	1

GROUP 7

Holland 1, Yugoslavia 1
Luxembourg 0, Yugoslavia 2
East Germany 1, Holland 0
Luxembourg 0, East Germany 5
Holland 6, Luxembourg 0
Yugoslavia 1, Holland 0
East Germany 2, Luxembourg 1
East Germany 1, Yugoslavia 2
Holland 3, East Germany 2
East Germany 0, Yugoslavia 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Yugoslavia	5	3	2	0	7	2	8
East Germany	6	3	1	2	11	6	7
Holland	5	2	1	2	10	6	5
Luxembourg	4	0	0	4	1	15	0

GROUP 8

Poland 3, Albania 0
West Germany 1, Turkey 1
Turkey 2, Albania 1
Albania 0, West Germany 1
Turkey 0, West Germany 3
Albania 1, Poland 1
West Germany 2, Albania 0
Poland 5, Turkey 1
Poland 1, West Germany 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
West Germany	5	4	1	0	10	2	9
Poland	4	2	1	1	10	5	5
Turkey	4	1	1	2	4	10	3
Albania	5	0	1	4	2	9	1

Classified Results

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

SEPTEMBER 5

Austria (1) 1 (Stering) 42,000
Sweden (0) 0

Austria: Kettensteiner; Schmidradner; Sturmberger, Eigenstiller, Pumm; Starek, Hof, Ettmayer; Kodat, Stering, Pirkner.
Sweden: Hellstrom; Hult; Kristensson, Axelsson, Grip; Olsson, Nordqvist, Bo Larsson; Lindman, Pahson, Sandberg.
(Ref: Glockner/East Germany).

SEPTEMBER 8

Norway (0) 1 (A. Olsen)
France (2) 3 (Loubet, Vergnes, Blanchet)

Norway: Karlsen (S. Olsen); Ekeland, Borrehaug, Spydevold, Slinning; E. Olsen, Jacobsen, Christiansen; Fuglset, Lunde (A. Olsen).
France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Novi, Bosquier, Rostagni; Michel, Mezy; Blanchet (Lech), Vergnes, Loubet, Bereta.
(Ref: Patterson/Sweden).

SEPTEMBER 22

Poland (1) 5 (Bula, Lubanski 3, Gadocha)
Turkey (0) 1 (Nihat) 40,000

Poland: Gomola; Anczok, Gorgon, Zygmont, Musial; Szoltysik, Deyna (Jarosik), Bula; Banas, Lubanski, Gadocha.
Turkey: Ali; Abdurrahman, Ercan, Muzaffer, Zekeriya; Yusuf Sanli, Vahap, Kamuran; Metin, Fethi, Cemil, Nihat.
(Ref: Quedeville/Luxembourg).

Russia (1) 1 (Muntjan) 100,000
Northern Ireland (0) 0

Russia: Rudakov; Dsodsmashvili, Khurtsilava, Sosnichin, Dolmatov; Matvjenko, Kolotov, Mseljan; Kopeikin, Jevtschenko, Evriuschichin.
Northern Ireland: McFaul; Craig, Neill, Hunter, Nelson; Nicholson, O'Kane, Clements, Hegan; Dougan, Best.

Finland (0) 0 2,084
Rumania (2) 4 (Jordanescu, Lupescu, Dembrovski, Lucescu, pen.)

Finland: Neman (Heinonen); Suomalainen, Saviomaa, Makinen, Raata; Toivanen, Heikkila; Nikkanen, Toivola, Rahja, Lindholm.
Rumania: Raducanu; Satmareanu, Lupescu, Dinu, Mocanu; Dimitru, Nunweiller; Lucescu, Dembrovski, Neagu, Jordanescu (Tatarcu).
(Ref: Kamber/Switzerland).

Hungary (0) 2 (Juhasz, Vidats)
Bulgaria (0) 0 70,000

Hungary: Geczi; Fabian, Purosics, Vidats, P. Juhasz (Nosko); Pazekas, Szucs; Szoke, Bene, Dunai II, Zambo (I. Juhasz).
Bulgaria: Mihailov; Gaidarski, Penev, Zetchev, Velichkov; Kolev, Bonev; Dermendjiev, Zekov (G. Vasilov), Petkov, M. Vasilov.

Hungary (0) 2 (Vidats, Szoke) 50,000
Yugoslavia (1) 1 (Oblak)

Hungary: Geczi; Fabian, Purosics, Vidats, P. Juhasz; I. Juhasz (Szoke), Pazekas, Szucs; Bene, Tichy (Dunai II), Zambo.
Yugoslavia: Vukcevik; Ramljak, Holcer, Paunovic, Stephanovic; Pavlovic, Acimovic, Oblak; Petkovic, Filipovic, Dzajic.

OCTOBER 10

Italy (2) 3 (Riva 2, Boninsegna) 70,000
Sweden (0) 0

Italy: Zoff (Albertosi); Cera; Burgnich, Rosatom Facchetti; Bertini, Benetti, Rivera; Mazzola (Corso), Boninsegna, Riva.
Sweden: Hellstrom; Hult (Cronqvist), Kristensen (Nielsson), Nordqvist, Grip; Nordahl, Larsson, Olsberg; Danielsson, Orahn, Sandberg.
(Ref: Machin/France).

Austria (3) 6 (Parits 3, Jara 2, Pirkner, pen.) 25,000
Eire (0) 0

Austria: Antrich, Schmidradner, Sturmberger, Eigenstiller, Pumm; Horvath, Ettmayer, Hof; Pirkner, Parits, Jara.
Eire: Roche; Gannon, McConcilie, Herrik, Finucane; Mulligan, Kearin, Martin; O'Neill, Leech, O'Connor.
(Ref: Coppel/Switzerland).

Poland (1) 1 (Gadocha) 100,000
West Germany (1) 3 (Muller 2, Grabowski)

Poland: Tomaszewski; Gorgon; Musial, Osiecki, Anczok; Maszczyk, Szoltysik, Bula (Kott); Banas (Sydak), Lubanski, Gadocha.
West Germany: Maier; Beckenbauer; Breitner, Fichtel, Schwarzenbeck; Koppel, Netzer, Wimmer; Grabowski, Muller, Heynckes.
(Ref: Marshall/Austria).

France (0) 0 25,000
Hungary (2) 2 (Bene, Zambo)

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Novi, Bosquier, Rostagni; Michel, Mezy, Lech; Loubet (Grest), Revelli, Bereta.
Hungary: Geczi; Nosko, Pancsics, Vidats, P. Juhasz; Szucs, Pazekas; Bene, Artai Dunai, Zambo.
(Ref: Pintado Piu/Spain).

Holland (1) 3 (Keizer 2, Hulshoff) 50,000
East Germany (1) 2 (Vogel 2)

Holland: van Beveren; Israel, Vennecken, Hulshoff, Stric; Jansen, Cruyff, Wery; van Dijk (Jeuring), van Hanegem, Keizer.
East Germany: Croy; Bransch, Stempel, Sammer, Sparwasser (Irmscher); Weise, Kische, Streich; P. Ducke (Lowe), Kreische, Vogel.
(Ref: Lobello/Italy).

OCTOBER 13

Switzerland (2) 2 (Jeandupeux, Kunzli)
England (2) 3 (Hurst, Chivers, Weibel o.g.)

Switzerland: Kunz; Chapuisat; Ramseier (Perroux), Weibel, Stierli; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler (Muller); Balmer, Kunzli, Jeandupeux.
England: Banks; Lawler, McFarland, Moore, Cooper; Madeley, Peters, Mullery; Lee, Chivers, Hurst (Radford).
(Ref: Vital Loraux/Belgium).

Northern Ireland (1) 1 (Nicholson)
Russia (1) 1 (Byshovets) 15,000

Northern Ireland: Jennings; Rice, O'Kane, Hunter, Nelson; Nicholson, McMordie, Clements; Hamilton, Dougan, Neill.
Russia: Rudakov; Shesternev; Dsodsiaschvili, Khurtsilava, Lovtschev; Kolotov, Kiselev (Istomin), Dolmatov; Konov, Byshovets, Schevtschenko.

Wales (1) 3 (Durban, Toshack, Reece)
Finland (0) 0 10,000

Wales: Sprake; Rodrigues, Roberts, England, Thomas; Hennessey, Hockey, Durban; Evans, Toshack, Reece.
Finland: Nasman; Kilponen, Saviomaa, Makinen, Kosonen; Elo, Flink, Toivola; Suhonen, Heikkila, Lindholm.
(Ref: Kaj Rasmussen/Denmark).

Scotland (1) 2 (O'Hare, Gemmill) 50,000
Portugal (0) 1 (Rodrigues)

Scotland: Wilson; Jardine, Colquhoun, Stanton, Hay; Bremner, Graham, Gemmill; Johnstone, O'Hare, Cropley.
Portugal: Damas; Da Silva, Adolfo, Rolando, Calo; Rodrigues, Graca, Nene; Eusebio (Jorge), Baptista, Simoes.

SEPTEMBER 8

West Germany (4) 5 (Koppel, Muller 3, Netzer)
Mexico (0) 0

West Germany: Maier; Vogts (Zembski), Weber, Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck; Koppel (Steffenhagen), Netzer, Fichtel; Grabowski (Libuda), Muller, Heynckes.
Mexico: Calderon; Bermudez, Hernandez, Pena, Perez; Munguia (Montes), Velarde, Arzuchastegui (Estrada); Rodriguez, Lopez (Borja), Bordolla (Alvaro).
(Ref: Loew/Sweden).

SEPTEMBER 19

East Germany (0) 1 (Lowe) 20,000
Mexico (0) 1 (Borja)

SEPTEMBER 22

Yugoslavia (2) 4 (Bukal 2, Acimovic, Oblak) 20,000
Mexico (0) 0

Yugoslavia: Vukcevic; Ramljak, Stephanovic, Pavlovic, Rajkovic; Paunovic, Petkovic, Oblak; Bukal, Acimovic (Osojic then Bjekovic), Dzajic (Filipovic).
Mexico: Calderon; Bermudez, Pena, Montes, Perez (Chavaria); Hernandez, Rodriguez, Estrada (Jiminez); Borja, Velarde, Lopez.

SEPTEMBER 26

Switzerland (4) 4 (Boffi, Odermatt, Kunzli, Blattler) 23,000
Turkey (0) 0

Switzerland: Kunz; Chapuisat; Boffi, Weibel, Ramseier; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Balmer, Kunzli, Jeandupeux.
Turkey: Yavuz; Turker; Abdurrahman; Ismail, Zekeriya; Mehmet, Sanli, Kamuran; Necati, Nihat, Metin.
(Ref: Kessler/Austria).

East Germany (0) 1 (Streich) 20,000
Czechoslovakia (0) 1 (Kuna)

East Germany: Croy; Kische, Bransch, Kurbjuweit, Weise; Irmscher, Streich, Doerner; P. Ducke, Kreische (Frenzel), Lowe (Vogel).
Czechoslovakia: Vencel; Dobias, Hrivnak (Bicovsky), Taborsky, Zlocha; Tomanek, Sikora, Stratil, Kuna; Nehoda, Gajdusek (Capkovic).
(Ref: Ivanov/Russia).

Italy (0) 2 (Boninsegna 2) 50,000
Mexico (0) 0

Italy: Zoff; Cera; Burgnich, Spinosi, Facchetti; Bertini, Du Sisti (Benetti), Corso (Rivera); Mazzola, Boninsegna, Riva.
Mexico: Puente; Bermudez, Pena, Montes, Perez (Echevarria); Hernandez (Ramos), Rodriguez (Valdivia), Munguia; Borja, Velarde (Alvardo), Lopez.
(Ref: Ortis de Mendibil/Spain).

Norway (1) 1 (Fuglset) 12,000
Denmark (3) 4 (Schriver 2, Nygard, Marcussen)

Argentina's league top scorer, Carlos Bianchi, shoots for goal in an international against Brazil.

TOP SIXES

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Standard	**6**	**5**	**0**	**1**	**15**	**4**	**10**
FC Bruge	6	4	2	0	15	5	10
Racing White	6	4	2	0	7	3	10
Union St. Gall	6	4	1	1	6	4	9
CS Bruge	6	2	2	2	4	3	6
St. Triuden	6	2	2	2	7	7	6

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Slovan Brat.	**11**	**8**	**2**	**1**	**28**	**8**	**18**
VSS Kosice	11	7	4	0	20	6	18
Dukla Prague	11	6	3	2	26	14	15
Spartak Trnava	11	4	4	3	23	14	12
ZVL Zilina	11	4	3	4	14	12	11
Slavia Prague	11	5	1	5	14	16	11

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Aberdeen	**7**	**6**	**1**	**0**	**18**	**2**	**13**
Celtic	7	6	0	1	24	6	12
Hearts	7	4	2	1	10	6	10
Hibernian	7	4	1	2	11	6	9
Dundee	7	3	2	2	16	12	8
St. Johnstone	7	3	2	2	15	11	8

BRAZIL

Group A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Corinthians	**13**	**8**	**4**	**1**	**21**	**9**	**20**
Palmeiros	12	6	3	3	16	10	15
Cruzeiro	13	5	5	3	16	7	15
Internacional	12	4	6	2	12	10	14
Vasco	12	4	5	3	6	6	13
Cortiba	12	6	1	5	13	13	13

Group B

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Gremio	**12**	**6**	**5**	**1**	**13**	**5**	**17**
Atletico	13	5	6	2	13	11	16
Botafogo	12	4	7	1	11	9	15
America GB	13	5	5	3	16	10	15
Santos	12	4	5	3	11	6	13
Flamengo	12	2	8	2	9	9	12

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Manchester U.	**13**	**9**	**3**	**1**	**28**	**13**	**21**
Sheffield U.	13	8	2	3	22	14	18
Derby County	13	5	7	1	20	10	17
Manchester C.	13	7	3	3	22	11	17
Arsenal	12	8	0	4	19	10	16
Tottenham	12	5	5	2	22	15	15

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Real Madrid	**6**	**4**	**2**	**0**	**12**	**4**	**10**
Valencia	6	4	2	0	9	3	10
Gijon	6	4	0	2	8	4	8
Malaga	6	3	2	1	9	5	8
Espanol	6	2	3	1	7	3	7
Sevilla	6	2	3	1	7	5	7

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Aris	**4**	**4**	**0**	**0**	**12**	**0**	**12**
Olympiakos V	4	4	0	0	6	2	12
Panathinaikos	4	3	0	1	14	6	10
Kavala	4	3	0	1	7	2	10
Trikla	4	1	3	0	6	4	9
AEK	3	2	1	0	4	0	8

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Zeleznicar	**8**	**5**	**2**	**1**	**19**	**7**	**12**
Red Star	8	5	2	1	15	5	12
Vojvodina	8	4	4	0	13	7	12
Partizan	8	5	1	2	13	7	11
OFK Belgrade	8	5	1	2	13	7	11
Sarajavo	8	3	2	3	15	9	8

● *Continued from page 5*

The first goal, though, had a considerable element of luck about it. Hungary's Peter Juhasz produced a fulminating shot from all of 30 yards that beat Mihailov and struck the crossbar; the ball came down at a sharp angle, hit Mihailov between the shoulder blades, then bounced cheekily over the line.

Almost at once Hungary flowed forward in another attack and forced a corner. Fazekas flighted it beautifully, Vidats outjumped two opponents, and the ball whistled into the bottom left corner of the net before Mihailov could move.

Poland 5, Turkey 1
(in Cracow)

Poland raised false hopes of beating West Germany in this group by crushing Turkey, thanks largely to a brilliant display by the Gornik striker, Wldozimierz Lubanski.

Apart from the Turkish goalkeeper, Ali, and their substitute outside-left Nihal—who headed their only goal in the 83rd minute—the Poles found that their opponents had little to offer.

Lubanski scored a hat-trick with goals in the 62nd, 73rd and 90th minutes. At half-time, remarkably, the score was only 1-0 in Poland's favour, a goal from Bula. But they scored four times in the last half-hour to turn the match into a rout.

Holland 3, East Germany 2
(in Rotterdam)

Cruyff's ingenuity and Keizer's striking power—two goals in the second half—overcame the East Germans' early superiority. They were ahead through Vogel after just 11 minutes, but the Dutch soon turned this into a 3-1 lead, and Vogel's second goal came from a bad defensive error too late for the East Germans to save a point.

Their defeat made Yugoslavia virtually certain of winning this group, for they needed only to beat Luxembourg at home, whatever East Germany could achieve in Belgrade.

East Germany 1, Czechoslovakia 1
(in East Berlin)

A friendly, but an interesting one nevertheless, for it emphasised the steady improvement of the Czechs, now purged of their sins in the "German Boot Affair".

The East Germans played a little better than against Mexico, and Streich, in his third international, put them in front just after the interval with a shot Bobby Charlton himself would have been proud of.

But, inexplicably, the Czechs were allowed to reassert themselves, and Kuna and Szikora took over midfield. When Kuna equalised with a speculative shot in the 77th minute, it was no more than the Czechs deserved.

Italy 2, Mexico 0
(in Genoa)

Italy won this match without breaking into a sweat, although Mexico succeeded in keeping their goal intact until half-time.

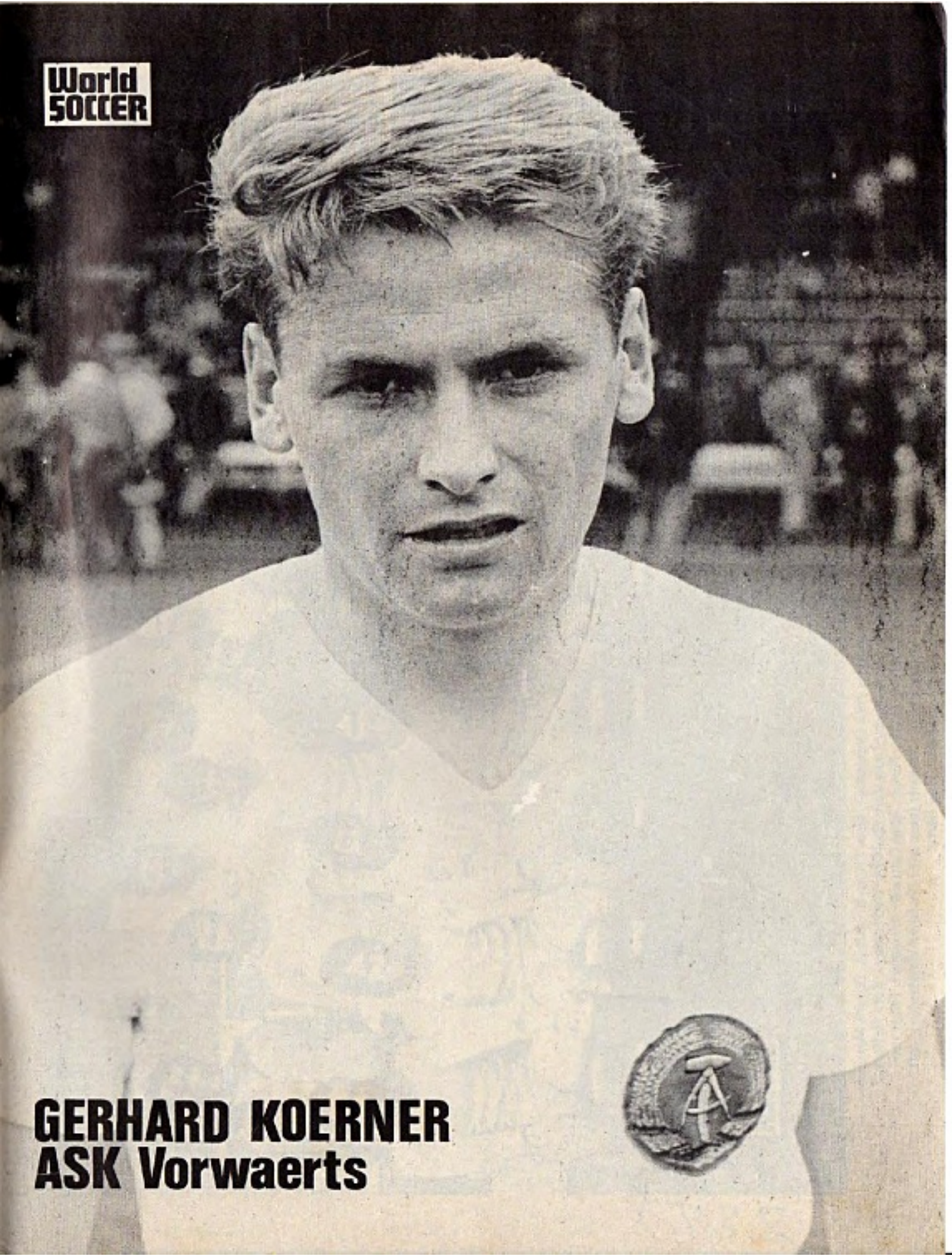
In the second half Boninsegna scored twice, each time with a magnificent header, from crosses by Rivera and Mazzola. Riva looked a little sluggish, but excited the 50,000 crowd with some protracted dribbles late in the match.

Poland 1, West Germany 3
(in Warsaw)

One of the great internationals of the year — with Poland, spurred on by a crowd of 100,000, threatening to run the West Germans off their feet.

Sepp Maier, in the German goal, made several fine saves but could do nothing with a shot from Gadocha in the 29th minute. But the cheers had scarcely died down when Gerd Muller—yet again the saviour of West Germany in a vital match—equalised.

Poland came again in the early stages of the second half, but by now West Germany were more resilient and pacing themselves cleverly. With the Polish defence extended, Muller struck again in the 64th minute and a goal from Jurgen Grabowski (playing a full match for once) left Poland with no answer.



GERHARD KOERNER
ASK Vorwaerts

COVENTRY

Back row, left to right: Geoff Strong (now with Doncaster), Mick Coop, Brian Hill, Dennis Mortimer, Ernie Hunt. Middle row: Bill Asprey, Brian Joicey, (now with Sheffield Wednesday), Billy Rafferty, Bill Glazier, Charles McManus, Chris Cattlin, Bobby Parker, Noel Cantwell (Manager). Front row: Ernie Machin, Willie Carr, Quinton Young, David Clements (now with Sheffield Wednesday), Jeff Blockley, John O'Rourke, Wilf Smith, Brian Alderson, Roy Barry.